£4,000 NOW AWARDED IN "MIDDLES" (See Page 149.)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1151 | Registered for Transmission to Canada. | WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6, 1912. | Entered at Stationers' Hall. | [Price One Penny.

STONE'S GINGER WINE

Jacksons' famous HATS - 3/9, BOOTS - 10/6, RAINCOATS 21/- and 30/-

The JUST BETTER quality of Jacksons' marks that dividing line between the smartly and carelessly dressed man.

Jacksons' Hats 3/9, Raincoats, 21/- and 30/-, Boots, 10/6, are just better than the next best—just better in Style, Fit and Service. That is the secret that gives the wearer the feeling of confidence in every purchase made from Jacksons'.

Ladies' Styles in Boots and Raincoats at above Prices.

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Those unable to visit any of Jacksons' numerous branches should make use of the extensive mail order department. Self-measurement forms and fashion lists sent on request. Fit and style guaranteed.

Branches in all large towns.

JACKSONS' Ltd., VICTORIA WORKS, STOCKPORT.

Will all you Smokers

who plank down your money and ask for the same old brand, year in year out, just for once get 'Park Drives' instead?

'Park Drives' are so much better than you'd think, they compare so wonderfully with the dearer kinds, and show so real a saving, that one fair test should make each one of you a 'Park Drive' enthusiast for good.

'PARK DRIVE'

10 CIGARETTES 2D

Only the finest Virginia used—guaranteed absolutely pure. No sign of tongue-burning or throat-parching with 'Park Drives.' Sold by tobacconists everywhere.

Made by Gallaher Ltd., The Independent Firm, Belfast & London.

Make your own Cigarette it is twice as good

A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER

BEST and PUREST

FREE SAMPLE.

Ladies send for Free Sample of our "Triumph" Tablets (Registered). They are the best known remedy for all ailments incidental to the Female system, and especially adapted to women who suffer from Anæmia, etc. Perfectly reliable and perfectly harmless. The greatest discovery of modern science. Send for Sworn Testimonial and Free Sample which has cured in thousands of cases, or 1st Free 1½, 2/3, or 4/6.

LE GRASSEUR SURGICAL CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.
(Sufficient Address.)

Works: PASSY—PARIS. Telegrams: "SURGICAL, BIRMINGHAM."

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and

FREE SEED

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SEE THE

Special Onion Number

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Smallholder

The Paper for the Gardener, Allotment-Holder, Smallholder, Farmer, who means to make his land pay.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

TEST OUR SKILL . . . **FREE!** NO WIN, NO PAY!

THE COMPETITORS' MUTUAL SOCIETY

has a reputation to be proud of. Over **1,000 Premier Prizes**, and a total of **8,048** reported by members during the first six months of 1912; 73 per cent. of 3 months and upward members won, and we ***prove*** our assertions in the "Prize-Winners' Chronicle," sent free.

Finals, Seconds, Heads or Tails, Sallies, Middles, etc., evolved by our Staff are first criticised, and unless having a Winning Chance are not sent out. Every day of the week we receive spontaneous letters of thanks from delighted readers.

No Charge Whatever for Efforts. You Pay Us Only When You Win, as follows: 5s. prize, 9d.; 10s., 1s. 6d.; £1 or over, 2s. 6d. in the £.

SEND 1d. STAMP FOR 2 SPECIAL EFFORTS

(any paper) and we will guarantee you to receive two as good as any you will pay 6d. or 1s. for, and **LIKELY WINNERS.**

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SEND NOW. IF NOT, WHY NOT?

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9 MORE BIG WINS IN TWO PAPERS

"WEEKLY DISPATCH" PRIZES.

July 14th, £10. "It seems strange 'Treating' Seldom 'Eating.'"

June 30th, £10. "Men of priority Nowadays Frequently Embittered."

June 23rd. "Charm of Saturdays—Mist Float Serenely."

June 23rd. "Out of doors—The Fowling's Start."

June 23rd, £10. "Out of doors—The Filter Sunbeams."

June 16th. Two prizes of **£10.**

"TIT-BITS."

TWO PRIZES OF £20 EACH.

In my advertisement a few weeks ago I strongly advised competitors to try my solutions for their **FAVOURITE PAPER** also for **"THE WEEKLY DISPATCH."** Most of the very, very few who took that advice and tried a monthly subscription are reaping **GOLDEN RETURNS,** as can be seen from the above particulars.

Have **YOU** yet sent me a trial order? If not, why not start this week? Every day I is evolving "Wonderful" efforts equal to the "Wonderful" £350 winner, and one of the Exclusive solutions may be waiting to win **YOU** anything up to **£100** or more. Do not let it be wasted, but send me an order to-day.

FREE SOLUTIONS.

I offer this week two of my "Wonderful" **Prize-winning Special "MIDDLES" FREE to Every Reader** who has not yet tried my Solutions. Enclose stamped addressed envelope. Guaranteed to be as good as any you can buy anywhere else at any price.

TERMS for all solutions: 4 for 1s. **PRIZE-WINNING SPECIALS** equal to my £350 and £250 winners: 2 for 1s.; 4 for 1s. 6d.; 8 for 2s. Monthly Terms: 2 weekly, 2s.; 4 weekly, 3s.; 6 weekly, 5s. Enclose sufficient stamped addressed envelope. Long commission on prizes over £1.

F. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood Road, PECKHAM.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, post paid, post free, two stamps.—F. J. Murray, 225 High Holborn, London, W.C.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its success in treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 18 & 19 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

MARGATE.—The Clarence Boarding Establishment, Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville. Unique position, facing Oval. Excellent cuisine, select company, moderate terms.—Apply Mat Agyress.

LETTER-WRITING.—Those who want instruction in letter writing, from applications for a situation to love letters, or on any business or private matters, should obtain "How Shall I Word It?" by G. R. M. Devereux. Send 1/2 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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YOU CAN EARN 1/6 an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate St., London.

POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. R. Wilson, which may be had, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."—A popular and practical treatise on the Laws governing life, with Special Chapters on Generative Weakness, Loss of Vital Force, and practical observations on Marriage. Valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength, and restore the Powers when lost. A valuable instructive, and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, and Loss of Power in Men—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps, by Charles Gordon, No. 8, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

WEAK MEN, send for my two Books, FREE.—Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying Factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list.—British Boot Co., 445 Portland Square, Bristol.

TOWLE'S PILLS. 85 years' reputation, are the Oldest, Safest, and only reliable remedy for all Ladies' Ailments. Write for Booklet containing most invaluable information for Married Women, post free. In boxes, 1/1, 2/9, and 4/6. Of all Chemists, or post free for P.O. 1/3, 2/10, or 4/7 from Sole Proprietors, E. T. Towle & Co. Ltd., 112 Long Row, Nottingham.

WRITE AT ONCE.—I offer a genuine, old-fashioned recipe for kidney disorder, dropsy, etc., enclose 6d. and stamped envelope.—Mrs. Wardle, 90 Warner Road, Camberwell, London.

OLD SAFETY RAZOR BLADES returned new, P.O. 9d.—Baldes, 22 Melton Road, Nottingham.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS.—Hundreds of dollars have been made by writers of successful words or music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your song poems, with or without music, or write for free particulars. ACCEPTANCE GUARANTEED IF AVAILABLE. Washington only place to secure copyright.—H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 806, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS,

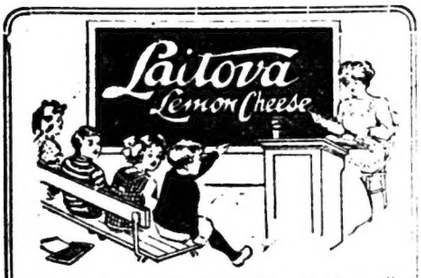
and when writing to Advertisers, mention "Pearson's Weekly."

Another Wonderful Discovery!

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE de LUXE

Delicious beyond description.

Sold to the shops in silver-finished salvers.



Teacher: "Why is the best Lemon Cheese called Laitova?"
Mabel: "Because you 'lay it over' bread like butter."
Teacher: "A good answer, but not the one I want."
Johnnie: "Because it is made from milk and eggs—Lait-milk, Ova-eggs."
Teacher: "Excellent."
Willie: (sotto voce): "So is—

Laitova Lemon Cheese

In Jars 6½d., 3½d., 2d., &c.

Sutcliffe & Bingham Ltd., Cornbrook, Manchester. P24

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1151. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6, 1912. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

A LONDON OIL WELL!

ONE of the most curious side-shows to an exhibition ever thought of will be seen at Olympia at the coming oil engineering exhibition.

A well will be sunk to the depth of 5,000 feet, the idea being that not only will it be of scientific use, but that it will prove a strong attraction to visitors.

Oil wells have been drilled abroad to a depth of 7,000 feet, but no well in England has ever been dug to even half this depth. The 5,000-foot well at Olympia, therefore, will be the deepest yet attempted here.

Whether oil will or will not be discovered in London remains to be seen. At different times small quantities have been obtained in Lancashire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and other counties. Experts think that if there is oil in England it is at too great a depth and in too small quantities to be of any real value.

HAD TO LEAVE THEM.

SHE was moving from town to the seashore for the summer and had sent for a cab, a regular four-wheeler, to convey her and her belongings to the station.

Much to cabby's disgust, his vehicle had been piled sky-high with a miscellaneous assortment of her most cherished belongings, but the task of loading came at length to an end.

"Is that really all?" inquired cabby, with polite incredulity.

"Yes," was the reply, "that's all."

The cabman looked surprised. "Seems a pity," he ejaculated, with sardonic humour, "to leave the doorsteps behind, don't it, mum?"

WHEN YOU PULL THE FIRE-ALARM.

"BREAK glass. Pull knob. Wait for engine."

On every red firepost in London appears that rather curt notice, but few people know what happens if they follow out the instructions given. There is one thing to remember, by the way, and that is *wait for the engine*. A large number after calling up the fire brigade rush away to see the fire or help to save things. This delays the firemen.

When you pull the knob a disc falls in the fire-stations indicating to the firemen which knob has been pulled. At the same time an alarm-bell rings, and the fireman on duty pulls an electric switch which lights every room in the station and rings every bell.

Stable doors open automatically, and the perfectly trained horses dash up to their places by the pole of the horsed escape. The escape is outside the station and rattling up the road for dear life within a minute of your pulling of the knob.

Half a minute later it is followed by a fire-engine with its load of fully-equipped, fully-dressed firemen.

Should the fire be a serious one, the first officer on the scene gives the "district call," and eight engines from the surrounding district will dash up to the fire. The most serious message of all is the "brigade call." The fire in this case is so serious that every engine and all other help that can possibly be spared is sent on as fast as horses and motors can do it.

IN A FIX.

A LEARNED professor at one of the large public schools was explaining to his class how the identity of a thing might remain, even with the loss of its parts. "Here," he said, "is this penknife. Now, suppose I lose this blade and replace it with a new one—you see it has two blades—is it still the same knife?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the class.

"And suppose," he said, "I lose the second blade, and replace it with a new one—is it still the same knife?"

"Oh, yes," said the class.

"Now," said the professor triumphantly, "suppose I lose the handle and have a new one made—is it still the same knife?"

"Certainly!" roared the class. But here a youth arose—one of the clear-headed kind.

"Professor," said he, "suppose I should find those lost two blades and that lost handle, and put them together again—what knife would that be?"

The Professor's answer is not recorded.

THE WOMAN WITH THE BABY.

'Mid the herd of human workers crowded on the car
All is selfishness and jostle, making age and sex no bar.
Men collapse in seats and stay there, letting shrinking ladies stand
With a look of indignation—and a strap in either hand.
Yet there's one thing that, you've noticed, never fails to make a stir—
When a woman with a baby comes they all make room for her.

Once I dreamed I stood in heaven, just inside the pearly gate,
While to every new arrival good St. Peter said: "You're late;
For the places all are taken and the harps are all in use.
Golden streets are just so crowded that I had to call a truce."
Then a little, tired-out woman lugged a baby into view,
And St. Peter said, "We're full up, but we'll find a place for you."

"JIBBS is not the sort of man who waits anxiously for Opportunity to knock on his door."

"No, indeed. He is the sort of man who expects Opportunity to write a note begging for an appointment."

"POOR old Jones. He had a windfall last week."

"A windfall? Then why do you say 'Poor Jones'?"

"Well, you see, he's an aviator."

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a 'bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner. A list of this week's winners appears on page 155. So remember to

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

GRANDMA AGAIN.

"PLEASE, sir," said the office-boy.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the boss.

"Please, sir, could I get off again to-day? We had to postpone grandma's funeral yesterday on account of the rain."

"MR. CLEAVER, how do you account for the fact that I have found a piece of rubber tyre in one of the sausages I bought last week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the motor-car is replacing the horse everywhere."

"GRANDMA," said Brewster's young son one day, "which of my parents do I resemble?"

"Both," the grandmother answered. "You have your mother's remarkable capacity for spending money and your father's genius for not making it."

TAKE A SUN BATH!

NATURALLY, when you go on your holidays this year you will take a sun bath. But taking a sun bath does not mean sitting in a glaring sun and letting it beat down upon your face until you are burnt to a nigger's shade.

Take your sun bath scientifically. In Germany, hundreds of people take a sun bath whenever there is any sun. In every German summer resort, in fact, there are special places for taking your sun bath.

The bathers are protected from the wind and lie on rugs, dry sand, or heather. The head is protected from the sun's rays, and the bathers change their position every ten minutes in order to avoid sunning too strongly any part of the body. A sun bath should not last more than an hour, by the way.

Berlin is the city where sun bathing is most popular. In the summer hundreds of people lie on the commons and heaths outside the city. They erect a kind of shanty and inclose a space on which the sun beats. There they lie and take their sun bath every day.

OUR BANK HOLIDAY DOUBLE NUMBER

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd.

This Week's Little Lot

A Humble Beginning.

Everybody was sorry to hear of the death of Hubert Latham, the plucky French aviator who just missed being the first to cross the Channel on an aeroplane.

He had a remarkably varied career both as an explorer and as an aviator, and on one occasion President Fallières publicly congratulated him on a remarkably brilliant flight. The President enlarged on the virtues of democracy, and impressed upon his audience the fact that the humblest mechanic could nowadays rise to positions of dignity and emolument. It could, he assured them, be done by patient industry, and he gave Mr. Latham's career as an instance of what he meant.

Then, needing to be prompted, he turned to Latham and whispered: "By the way, what *was* your trade before you took up flying?"

"I was a gentleman of private means," was the disconcerting reply.

His Dear Friend.

The President's difficulty reminds one of one of the best stories told about the late Sir Henry Irving.

A young journalist called on him on a matter connected with some work he had in hand. He had never met Sir Henry before, and he was particularly charmed by the great man's kindness and courtesy. After business had been finished, he ventured to make a request.

"There is just one other thing I should like to ask, Sir Henry," he said diffidently. "I should very much like to have one of your photographs."

"Certainly, my dear sir," replied Sir Henry cordially, and he immediately produced the photograph.

"And if you would sign it," ventured the other, "I should be very much obliged."

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Sir Henry, and immediately sat down at his writing table with the photograph before him.

"*To my dear friend*—" he wrote, and paused.

"By the way," he said, turning again to the journalist, "what *is* your name?"

A Precaution.

Admiral Sir Arthur Moore, who has just retired from his post as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, is one of those quiet, determined men who say little, but who insist on their orders being carried out to the letter.

Some time ago, after some naval manœuvres, he felt it necessary to reprove a young commander for the way he had mismanaged his gunboat. "What," he asked, "did he think would have happened to him if he had fought his ship like that in real battle?"

The other was not at all pleased at being criticised. "If I had been with Nelson at Trafalgar," he said warmly, "I flatter myself that my ship, single-handed, could have sunk the combined Spanish and French fleets."

"If Nelson was the man I have always taken him for," retorted Admiral Moore, "he'd have taken the precaution, before going into battle, of stringing you up at the yard-arm!"

Sinister.

Sir George Alexander, the famous actor-manager, has received many congratulations on the success of Mr. Hichens' play, *Bella Donna*, which had such a good run at the St. James'.

Sir George is another of those popular actors who receive innumerable requests from stage-struck folk to be allowed to join his company. He tells one amusing story of a clergyman whose son has gone on the stage.

"My son, John," the clergyman wrote to Sir George, "threatens to go on the stage, and I want you to stop him."

But, in spite of every opposition, the young man did go on the stage. Some time afterwards Sir George met him.

"Well, how does your father take it?" he asked.

"I haven't seen him lately," John replied, "but I know he still takes some interest in me because whenever there is anything in the newspapers about an actor being charged with some crime he always underlines the report and sends the paper to me!"

Crushing.

This story is being told of a well-known literary man. Some time ago he left a small bag containing several typewritten manuscripts in a 'bus, and soon afterwards he received a notification that the bag and manuscripts were at the Lost Property Office, New Scotland Yard.

He went there at once, recognised and took possession of his property, and listened politely while the policeman in charge explained that people recovering their property usually left a certain percentage of its value as a reward to the finder.

The author replied that the leather bag might be valued at a few shillings. But beyond that he was in a difficulty. He himself regarded the typewritten manuscripts as priceless; but, on the other hand, he had never been able to induce any editor in London to attach any value to them whatever. He did not want to defraud the finder of his property of his just due, but, at the same time he wanted to avoid over-paying him. What was to be done?

The policeman admitted the difficulty, and went off with the manuscripts to consult his superior. Back he came in a few minutes.

"The inspector says you ought to pay a shilling for the bag," he announced; "*but he's glanced through the manuscripts and you needn't pay any reward for getting them back!*"

Solomon the Second.

In his recent book on "Edward Fitzgerald Beale," Mr. Stephen Bonsal tells a story of a wise Californian judge.

Many years ago there was a scarcity of milch cows in California, and a consequent great demand for these animals.

One day two men came before the judge, and with them a magnificent milch cow. The men were charged with having gambled, with the cow as the stake, and there was also some question as to which of them now owned the cow.

The judge listened with great patience to the story set forth by each party, and after grave consideration he delivered judgment.

"You, sir," he said to the original owner, "lost the cow, consequently it does not belong to you. You," he went on, turning to the other man, "have won it; but you won it by gambling, a form of transfer that the Court does not recognise. In my opinion, therefore, the cow remains in the custody of the Court."

The Difference.

The proposal to erect a memorial to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert recalls one of the stories told of him.

As many theatrical people knew to their cost, Sir William was rather a tartar at rehearsals.

One well-known actor once became very angry after Sir William had made him repeat a certain scene over and over again, and had finally told him it was still all wrong. He stepped down to the footlights and shouted to the author, who was sitting alone in the stalls: "Mr. Gilbert, I am not a very good-tempered man!"

"No?" replied Gilbert. "I'm not considered to have the temper of a saint either."

"But I'd like you to understand," the other went on angrily, "that I'm a very strong man."

"Really?" commented Gilbert calmly. "Well, I stand six-foot-four in my stockinged feet, but if you *want* to know the difference between us, *I* am an extremely clever man!"

A Mystery Explained.

At a dinner in Washington recently Captain Chandler, the American airman, told a story of a scientist who took great pains to convince people that there was nothing he didn't know.

He gave a lecture one evening on certain insects, and at the end of it he said: "Now, if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate. I shall be only too happy to solve any of their difficulties."

Most of the audience were too shy to question the great man, but one old lady rose boldly.

"Well, madam," said the lecturer encouragingly, "what can I tell you?"

"Can you tell me," she asked, "why wet tea-leaves kill cockroaches?"

The lecturer was rather staggered. He didn't know that cockroaches were killed by wet tea-leaves, let alone the cause of their decease. But his reputation for wisdom was at stake, so he cleared his throat loudly and replied at once: "Because, madam, when a cockroach comes across a wet tea-leaf, he says to himself, 'Hello, here's a nice blanket!' wraps himself up in it, catches cold, and dies!"

Random Riddles

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for any other paragraph used. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown prize this week is won by Mr. W. Hakesley, 71 Buck Street, Leigh.

SAY IT QUICKLY.

Say this to your friends, and it is ten to one they will ask you to repeat it.

"A masher is a man with many scents, few cents, and no sense."

THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE STORY.

When first I met my love she *flute* to my arms; I made *violint* efforts to escape. Afterwards she said I was a *base, viol* man, and she would *trumpet* forth my failings to the world, and *drum* me out of decent Society. I must have been a *flat* to endure her *sharp* tongue. But there, it's only *natural* in woman.

(This sort of thing is becoming a scandal, and it must be stopped.—O.C.E.)

LINES BY A TRAMP.

I think a chap must B A J
In K C cannot C,
A life like mine's the best that is
Unless U M T B.

I sits and smokes among the 'A,
Around me 'ums the B,
I sniffs the wind quite R T like,
What's comin' from the C.

In D D is a 'appy man,
As takes 'is fun like me,
The air is free to N E man
Whatever A G B.

I never do S A a job,
I think an E C life
Is what a fellow ought to lead,
Away from toil and strife.

For labour is a awful thing,
It makes me A K lot,
I get quite C D and I shake
With I C fits and hot.

A VARIED COLLECTION.

The collection of a rent-man one day amounted to:

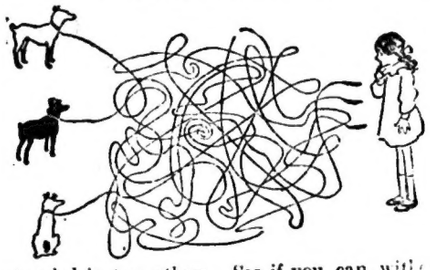
1 king.
1 king's head-dress.
1 skin cure.
1 nickname of a famous General.
2 things a long way off.
14 kitchen properties (very large).

What did he receive?

Solution below.

FOR STEADY EYES.

The little maiden shown in the sketch is in a difficulty. She has got the lead of her black dog



entangled in two others. See if you can, without the aid of a pencil, trace the course of the lead to the handle.

Solution below.

Solutions.

A VARIED COLLECTION.

	£	s.
1 king=1 sovereign	1	0
1 king's head-dress=2 crowns		10
1 skin cure=1 tanner		
1 nickname of a famous General=1 bob (Lord Roberts)		1
2 things a long way off=2 farthings		
14 kitchen properties (very large)=14 coppers		
	£1	12

FOR STEADY EYES.

The lost lead is the top one.

Now, then, you poet-cricketers! Here is a chance to show your skill.

25 Years in the City Police

Told by Ex-P.C. E. T. LANGDON.

(Mr. E. T. Langdon has recently retired from twenty-five years' service as a constable in the City of London Police Force. During that period he came into active contact with many of the crimes and criminals known to the metropolis. He is, in his own words, a "Devonshire Dumpling," and was known as "Uncle Tom" to his comrades on account of his singing of the famous old Devon song, "Uncle Tom Cobley.")

ABOUT the beginning of March, 1887, I thought I would like to become a policeman, and having heard of the fame of "the finest force in the world," the City Police, I applied to be enrolled.

By the end of the month I had filled in the necessary papers, and received a request to present myself at the headquarters of the Force, Old Jewry. So, bidding good-bye to the fields and woods of the wildest and most remote part of my native Devonshire—I was a regular "Devonshire Dumpling," you see—I set out for London, and was duly appointed a police constable on a month's probation. My dream was a reality at last!

We were very largely a ploughboy force in those days. Not a man of us stood less than six feet in his socks, and I often heard our then chief-inspector say, "Give me a man from the plough-toil; he is the man that makes the best policeman." No doubt he was right; anyhow, the Cockney is not the man who keeps London's law and order.

At Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Twenty-five years in the City Police have taught me that it is tact, coolness, a command of temper, and a maxim that it is not the number of charges you can get, but that your charges are "straight" ones, that counts.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee, in June, 1887, was the first big function at which I was on duty. Westminster was my beat on Jubilee day, and I was well repaid for the full share of hard work that came my way by getting a full view of the wonderful procession.

I had another bit of luck during the Jubilee festivities; at the special service held at St. Paul's Cathedral, which all the Royal Family attended, I was placed, with five comrades, on duty in the reception room at the Guildhall. Here the Lord Mayor received about a thousand distinguished guests, including members of our own Royal Family, every potentate of the British Empire, and a number of foreign kings.

I was posted close to the Lord Mayor's right hand, and so, within three months of my joining the police force, I stood within touching distance of all the crowned heads of Europe. The ladies present wore, between them, millions of pounds' worth of jewels, and although I have since attended every big function, including the Coronations of King Edward and King George, I have never seen quite such a sight as I did then.

Anarchists on the Warpath.

The first exciting police experience I had was in connection with the anarchist trouble of 1887. "Dynamite scaring," we called the trouble.

The people who called themselves anarchists used to go about the town carrying a pole, with a red "liberty cap" on it, at their head. One Sunday one of these anarchist processions marched round the West End and then made for the City.

No sooner had they got within the City boundary than they began to smash shop windows. We were waiting for them and received the order to charge and clear the streets, but not to use our truncheons.

We charged—and in less than ten minutes there were none but police in sight. Hats, knocked off and left behind in the rush, strewed the streets, but the so-called anarchists had fled to a man.

Special constables were sworn in in connection with these riots, and for a time every Sunday at noon, law-abiding artisans, clerks, and so on, would muster at their allotted stations.

These "specials" wore policemen's old and disused armlets, and carried truncheons (which they seemed immensely proud of), and they were posted, in squads, with a regular policeman in charge, down alley-ways and by-turnings.

In 1889 I saw a lot of service, often for fourteen hours at a time without any food, in connection with the Dock strike, and then I was drafted on to work in the search after Jack the Ripper.

Murder after murder of the most fiendish sort had been perpetrated, but the murderer could not be found. Not only the East End of London, but the whole of the country as well, was aghast at the awful crimes, which baffled the smartest detectives of the day.

Let me recall one of the murders, the Mitre Square murder. It was night and the policeman had passed through the square once, everything being then apparently all right. He walked on, coming to a court leading from a street out of Mitre Square. Halfway up the court he stood sideways to allow a man to pass him. The man came from the direction of the square.

Did the Ripper Carry a Lamp?

Presently—exactly seven minutes after he had been in the square previously—the policeman entered it again, and started to walk round it. Suddenly he came upon a human form huddled up in a corner. It was a woman lying dead, killed by the hand of Jack the Ripper! Was the man he had stood sideways to allow to pass Jack? Probably.

I have always thought that the Ripper must have carried some sort of lamp about with him. He always committed his crimes in comparatively totally dark spots, yet he always managed to mutilate his victims without making the least slip with his dreadful knife.

So profound a sensation did the Jack the Ripper murders cause that bands of men, called Vigilance Committees, were formed to hunt for the miscreant. They came out, armed with formidable sticks, and went about in gangs of half-a-dozen looking for Jack. I was on plain clothes duty at this period.

One very dark night I had certain alleys to patrol in the vicinity of the then notorious Mitre Square. I went down an alley leading into an open yard. Huge warehouses darkened this yard, and there was no lamp or light of any kind about. It was so dark that I could not see my own hand when held at arm's length in front of my face.

How I Scared the Hunters.

I stood in a corner of the yard looking up the alley-way towards the lighted street. I could see anyone who came down the alley without being seen. Before long a Vigilance Committee of five appeared at the top of the alley, stood for some time meditating, and then passed on without exploring the yard.

Half-an-hour later another committee, of six this time, appeared. They also meditated for a time, and then, plucking up courage, began to come slowly towards me. Nervously they advanced for ten or a dozen yards, and then a terrible ear-piercing yell broke the silence.

The Vigilance Committee turned tail and fled. I followed just in time to see them flying in all directions.

I laughed softly to myself; my top note had had a strange effect on these six determined searchers for Jack the Ripper.

(Next week I will relate How I Collared a Clever Pair of Cracksmen.)

FIRST CITY MAN: "How are you coming along with your poultry venture?"

Second Ditto: "I've been swindled. I bought three incubators of different makes, and not one of them has laid an egg yet."

NOT A CANNIBAL.

"THE worst winter I remember was when we were besieged," said the old soldier. "We only had one bite a day for two weeks, and that was horseflesh."

"I remember," said his tramp companion, "living for a month on one bite, and that was out of my own leg."

"You old cannibal! Do you expect me to believe that?" roared the soldier.

"It's true, believe it or not," said the tramp calmly. "A dog took a bite out of my leg, and the compensation kept me like a lord for four weeks."

Getting Ready for "Soccer."

The First Week in August Sees Hundreds of Footballers Getting Fit for their Strenuous Life, which Begins in September.

To the professional footballer the first week in August means the beginning of the football season. A few days previous to the August Bank Holiday he receives from the secretary of his club a formal notification to report himself at headquarters so as to receive instructions as to the exact day and time training will begin.

The notice is generally in these words, "My directors desire me to say that you must report yourself in person to the secretary next Saturday between eleven and twelve." That Saturday is the one previous to the Bank Holiday.

Until a few years ago training actually began on the Monday, but nowadays the professional is given the benefit of the holiday, and his employers are content to know that he is residing within easy distance of the ground.

When the football season closes hundreds of professionals scatter all over the country; many going off to revisit their old homes in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and parts of England away from their winter quarters. But during the last week in July they return in answer to their employers' missives, so that while August Bank Holiday means change and recreation to the average person, to the professional footballer it comes as a breather to be spent quietly at home, for three days later he must start the very serious and arduous training that clubs require him to undergo.

The Trainer's Word is Law.

He must spend his days running, walking, skipping, exercising with the dumb-bells, bathing—if there are facilities—and physical drill. His contract binds him to implicit obedience to the trainer, and as the sole object of the latter is to eradicate the superfluous flesh the idle months have brought, the intelligent professional does not kick even if the trainer is something of a martinet.

Big association clubs cannot afford to leave anything to chance, and so no matter how eminent a player may be he has to come under the trainer's orders early in August. Once it was possible for a professional with a great name to train himself; he simply promised his directors to make himself fit by the first Saturday in September, but a series of broken promises followed by important matches lost because of a "star's" want of condition have made clubs more careful.

The days are passed when a young and inexperienced player could commit the error ascribed to a certain footballer, who subsequently earned every laurel the game of football has for its most brilliant exponents.

This professional was a miner and soon after he was signed on the trainer of the club told him to walk three miles every morning to keep himself fit. An important cup-tie was due that Saturday. Owing to his work, however, the youngster could not do the walk, and on the day of the match he appeared at the ground absolutely fagged out.

Actually Tramped Fifteen Miles!

The amazed trainer asked the reason for his more-dead-than-alive appearance, and elicited the astonishing information that, baulked of doing his three miles a day for five days, he had actually walked fifteen miles that very day in order to make up for lost opportunities! Of course, he was not allowed to take part in the cup-tie.

As soon as the players have had their joints loosened by training the practice games begin. Once upon a time the Football Association would not allow a charge to be made, but now they permit the clubs to make a small charge for admission. Every penny, however, must be handed over to charity, and the Football Association takes especial pains to see that no deductions are made.

Every follower of the great winter game knows of the large sums Chelsea, Aston Villa, Newcastle United, Tottenham Hotspur, the Manchester and other famous organisations have distributed to charities as a result of their practice games.

In the old days before an admission fee had to be paid, the clubs used to send round the hat, but somehow or another, the crowds were not generous, and the collections usually averaged about a twentieth part of a penny per head of the spectators. It was this fact more than any other that induced the F.A. to sanction the fixing of a fee to see a practice match.

—"Why does the captain beam with pride?" I want a second line to this telling me why.

The Hiding Place

A Tale of Bad Lots.

By VERNON RALSTON.

Mr. Venables, of the Piccadilly Loan and Discount Company, looked across at his partner, Mr. Mendel.

"I shan't be at business for a day or two, Sam," he said smilingly.

"What's your little game this time?" inquired Mr. Mendel in tones of deep interest.

"Do you remember that bank manager who went to gaol about six years since. He owed us two hundred and we were pressing him."

"I mix 'em up," said Mr. Mendel. "We've had several, you know."

"Somers his name was."

"Oh, yes, I think I remember him. Raked a lot in from the bank, didn't he?"

"Well, he's coming out of Portland to-morrow. I'm going to meet him at Waterloo. Got to know from the prison authorities when he was due out. I wrote as a cousin who wished to give him a fresh start."

"You'll get nothing out of him!" grumbled Mr. Mendel. "That two hundred's as good as lost, and you leave me all the business to do."

"Won't I?" chuckled Mr. Venables. "You don't remember the case. He embezzled eight thousand, and was supposed to have lost it all at race-meetings in the month before he was arrested. I know him better. He was a 'cute business man. He only borrowed from us in the first place because his wife was consumptive and he had to send her to Switzerland. Then when he found himself in queer street, and we were pressing him he took as much as he could get hold of. I'm certain that he's got most of that planted somewhere. I'm going to get that two hundred back with interest. He's not a near relation in the world. His wife died just after he was arrested. I don't think that he's the sort of man who would trust a friend. We'll have our share of that eight thousand. He's sure to want someone to help him to get rid of the notes."

"Mind, this is the firm's business," said Mr. Mendel suddenly. "We share the profits."

"No, ten per cent. extra for me because I shall do the work," replied his partner. "Besides, it's my idea, and I've got to carry it out. You're good on the bullying side, Mendel. I never knew anyone who could manage a widow better. But this chap has lost everything. He'll want very tactful handling. Then remember, Sam, you are sure to make a bit extra for yourself out of the regular business while I'm away. I know you, my friend."

"And I know you," said Mr. Mendel.

However, the shady couple soon came to an agreement, and the following morning Mr. Venables met a main-line train at Waterloo. In a minute or two the express arrived and Mr. Venables eagerly scanned the passengers as they alighted. He hesitated as if in doubt for a moment or two, and then picked out a tall, gaunt man dressed in a ready-made tweed suit. He surveyed the bustle of the station with a half-frightened air and seemed as if he dare not venture into the busy crowd.

"My dear Mr. Somers," said Mr. Venables, stepping forward and shaking him by the hand, "welcome back to London. You are looking remarkably well—remarkably!"

"I don't know you," said the gaunt man in a listless voice.

"My name is Venables. You remember the Piccadilly Loan and Discount Company, don't you? Now don't be angry. When we pressed you I was away on the Continent on business. My partner, Mr. Mendel, is as I have often told him, too severe in business. When I came back and found that he had driven you to desperate courses I was seriously angry with him. Your treatment by our firm has been on my conscience ever since. I made up my mind that when you came out of—when you were in the world again that I would give you a helping hand."

The gaunt, grey-haired man looked curiously at him.

"Now, are you going anywhere?" continued Mr. Venables. "No? Well, then, why not come with me to some nice quiet restaurant and have a decent dinner? You just need a good dinner. I am sure that it will steady your nerves and make a man of you again."

"You are the last man in the world that I thought would welcome me when I came out," said Somers.

"I'm in a shady business, my dear fellow," said Mr. Venables, for once in his life bursting into truth. "But in spite of my business I've got a heart. I've often thought that if my partner hadn't pressed you so much things might have been different with you. He is too rigorous in business. All I can do now is to ask you to let bygones be bygones and give me a chance of making up for it to you. Come along. Here's a taxi. Novelty to you, isn't it?"

They had dinner together. Mr. Venables ordered the best dinner and wines that the restaurant could provide. He chatted genially to him all through the meal, and at last, when he judged that the good food and wine had warmed the ex-convict's heart he gave him an excellent cigar and said: "The question now is, my friend, what can I, or rather we, for I speak for the firm, do for you?"

"Can you get me work?" inquired Somers eagerly.

"Work?" laughed Mr. Venables. "You've surely done work enough in the last six years to last you a lifetime. You don't want work. But perhaps we can help you in some other way?"

"In what way? I don't understand."

"My dear chap, we can help you to get rid of the stuff. What is an ex-convict going to do with thousands of pounds' worth of notes. Of course they've all been stopped. If you are found handling them, although you've purged your offence they'll contrive some way of getting you arrested as a suspicious character. You know an ex-convict doesn't stand a dog's chance in an English police-court. Now, with our business connections we could easily work them all off on the Continent. It would be child's play for us. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I wouldn't do it for most people, but I'll do it for you. I'll give you a full half of the value. What do you say?"

"I wondered what your game was," said Somers slowly. "I decline your offer."

"My dear fellow, it is a very liberal one. Wait till you try to get rid of stopped notes yourself, and you'll soon find there's big trouble waiting for you. You know, in spite of your sentence the notes are still the property of the bank. Suppose I gave them a hint that I knew you had their money concealed somewhere. You know that you would be worried out of your life by their private detectives."

"I don't think you will give them any such information," replied Somers. "It would spoil your own chance of getting any of the notes provided that there are any. You take that for granted, you know."

"Come, my dear fellow, I know we shall be able to do business together. Think my offer over."

The ex-convict rose to his feet. "You tempted me to borrow in the first place. It was your infernal pressure that made me go wrong. I owe to you the death of my wife and six years in prison. I tell you that I'd sooner burn every note than let you make a penny profit out of them."

"Don't bear malice, my friend," began Mr. Venables. "After all, business is business."

Without giving him any reply Somers marched straight out of the restaurant. Mr. Venables made a quick gesture to a man who was seated near the door. The man hurriedly rose to his feet, paid his bill, and followed the ex-convict.

"Most ungentlemanly," thought Mr. Venables. "Declines a straightforward business offer, and then leaves me to pay for the dinner."

He finished his cigar, and then took a taxi to his home.

The next morning when he arrived at business he found the clerk he had set to watch the convict waiting for him.

"Well, Smith, what news?" he inquired.

"He went to a Rowton House for the night, sir. I was back there early this morning. He came out with his bag, went to Paddington, and booked for Rudstone."

"Good!" said Mr. Venables. "Very good, I commend you, Smith."

Half an hour later Mr. Venables was on his way to Paddington.

"Rudstone," he thought. "Just the very place he'd choose. Nearest seaside town to his old office. I expect he'll have some hiding-place in the cliffs. He'll be surprised when I drop on him and insist on having those notes at my own price."

When he reached Rudstone he put up at the best hotel and employed the boots to make a few inquiries. He soon found that Somers had taken lodgings for a few days at the very end of the town.

"Just the place. Handy for the cliffs," thought Mr. Venables. "But if I'm any judge a 'cute fellow like Somers won't run any risks by daylight."

When it grew dark in the evening he left the hotel. He told the manager that he was going out to dinner and might not be back till late. Then he went through the town towards the lonely house.

"He may not dig it up to-night," thought Mr. Venables, "but if I know human nature he'll go and have a look at the spot. It would be a joke if I detected the place and anticipated him. Imagine his face if he came later and found the notes gone."

Mr. Venables chuckled at the idea and hoped fervently that Somers would only look at the hiding place that night, leaving the removal of the treasure for cleverer men.

He went cautiously past the lonely cottage at the extremity of the town. The blind was not drawn, and he saw Somers seated by the front room fire. There was an expression of tense expectancy on the ex-convict's face. Then Mr. Venables saw an old woman, obviously the landlady, come into the room. She said something to Somers—probably an inquiry as to whether he needed anything more that night. He shook his head, and she withdrew. A moment later a light in an upper window showed that she was going to bed. Directly she had gone Somers began to stride impatiently up and down the room.

"Good," thought Mr. Venables. "He's waiting till he's quite sure that she's fast asleep."

He sat down behind some furze bushes which commanded a view of the cottage, and smoked a cigar. Every now and then his hand stole to his pocket, and felt his revolver. "I don't think he's the man to turn awkward," thought Mr. Venables, "but if he does, I'm ready for him."

After an hour he was rewarded by seeing a figure steal from the house towards the cliffs.

"Got a spade," thought Mr. Venables. "That's all right. He's on the job."

Very quietly he stole after the dim figure in the distance. Directly he was on the lonely beach Somers strode confidently along. In the shadow of the cliffs Mr. Venables followed him. At last Somers stopped before a great boulder that lay well above high-water mark. He looked carefully around him, and then Mr. Venables heard a spade grate amongst the stones.

"I'll let him do the work," meditated Mr. Venables. "I'll just drop in at the critical moment."

He crept cautiously over the stones and concealed himself behind the great boulder. He waited half an hour, and then found on glancing round that Somers had made a hole some feet deep in the shingle. He was standing in it up to the waist, and Mr. Venables judged it time to put in an appearance.

"Good evening, Mr. Somers!" he said. "So we are to be partners after all?"

Somers looked up at him calmly. "So it was your man that followed me to the railway station. I quite expected you."

"I hope I am a welcome arrival," said Mr. Venables. "You'll see now, my old friend, that we have interests in common. I daresay that you've thought over my offer of yesterday. Many men would only give you a third of the value, but I'm a man of my word. I'll give you a full half and take all the risk of getting rid of the notes. How much is there?"

"Seven thousand pounds if it's still here."

"Good!" said Mr. Venables. "Three thousand five hundred for yourself—deducting, of course, my expenses in coming down here. You can go abroad and build up a big fortune on that. A man of your business ability might be a millionaire in ten years with a nice little capital like that as a start. How deep are they buried?"

"Another six inches and I ought to get to it. They're in a tin box, and in this dry shingle up here they ought not to have taken any damage."

"Go on, go on!" said Mr. Venables eagerly.

Somers shovelled out spadeful after spadeful of shingle till at last his spade struck metal.

He tumbled against the side of the excavation. "I can't go on!" he gasped. "My nerve has gone."

"Let me, let me!" said Mr. Venables eagerly. "I'll help you out. Man, you look as if you were going to have a fit. Stand aside and let me dig. There's the box. I can feel it coming loose. Here we are. How shall we open it? Ah, I'll do it with my knife. There you are—as dry as a bone. You chose a good hiding-place, my friend."

"It's a dry place," said Somers. "Well above high-water mark. A highly suitable place, I thought."

Mr. Venables' nimble fingers were rapidly counting the notes.

"Four thousand—four one—four two—four three—four four—four five. Ah, a hiding-place like this would take some finding out, Mr. Somers."

"It would. I thought that. You killed my wife."

And the heavy spade crashed down on the money-lender's head.

The ex-convict took the notes, crammed them carelessly into his pocket, and with an air of satisfaction shovelled the shingle on to the now limp body.

"A good hiding-place for him," he murmured as he rearranged the gravel on the top. "They won't look for him there."

And Mr. Mendel now persists that his partner, Mr. Venables, took all the proceeds of the speculation and fled to the Continent rather than share them with his partner. For once in his life Mr. Mendel did his partner a grave injustice.

Whene'er you ride along the sand, Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand.

(See first page.)

—It must rhyme, as for instance. "Because he's on the winning side." I want better.

£4,000

NOW AWARDED IN "MIDDLES."

ENTER THE CONTEST ANNOUNCED BELOW.

This week we are again offering the splendid sum of £150 as the first prize. In addition there are prizes of £10, £5, 10s., 5s., to be won. The result of "Middles" No. 20 appears below.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a sentence or phrase of two words (called a "Middle"), which shall have some bearing on the chosen word. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter of the word you choose, and the second with any of the letters in that word, or you may use the middle letter as initial of both words of your "Middle." In the list of words the middle letter is in heavier type. For instance, suppose you take the word "FIGHT," the centre letter of which is "G." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and say "T" for the second, and we get "GRUELLING TIME." Or, again, take the word "SHADOWS," the centre letter of which is "D." We choose "D" as the other letter and get "DAYLIGHT DARKENED."

WORDS FOR "MIDDLES."

The following is the list from which you must choose a word for your "Middles" this week

BaBBLER	APPreNTICES	BEXHILL	BACKDOORS	EXCUSES	CONSOLS
AWAKE	TAVERNS.	CABIN	CANDIDATE	FINAL	BERTH
MUSEUMS	ROGUE	VERDICT	VESSELS	PEARL	ALARM
BROADSTAIRS	GUNBOAT	CIRCUMSTANCES	MUNICIPAL	RALLY	REVIVAL
AWEWARD	COMPANY	SHADOWS	INTRODUCTIONS	CABLE	VENTILATION
SPIDERS	TATTERS	IRISH	LIVER	TABBY	RUSTICS
FIGHT	CASES	JOLLY	GUEST	CANAL	MANHOLE

Below you will find two entry forms for "Middles." You are at liberty to use one or both. If you decide to use one, send a postal order for sixpence; if you use both entry forms you must send a shilling. *You may send two "Middles" on each entry form.*

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
5. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 25," in the top left-hand corner.
6. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, August 6th.
7. There are two entry forms, you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.
8. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
9. The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided amongst all such senders.
10. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
11. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
12. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
13. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Cut across here

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 25.

	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
25	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

Cut across here

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 25.

	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
25	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 20.

FIRST PRIZE, £150.

The first prize of £150 has been divided by three readers for the "Middle":—

PREDICTIONS: CORNS—RAIN.

A cheque for £50 has therefore been sent to:—

CHARLES WILLISON, Paternoster Row, Winchester; ALEC BAIN, 151 St. Asaph Road, Brockley, S.E.; and OWEN MARLOW, Hill-Top, New Marston, Oxford.

£5 has been awarded to each of the following readers:

LESLIE LEES, Chantry, Frome, Somerset.
F. HUGHES, Poynton Grange, Shawbury, Salop.
Rev. C. T. BELLEWES, 6 Rusholme Road, Putney Heath.
ALFRED SLADE, 46 Westmorland Street, Pimlico.
E. BEASANT, 14 Herbert Street, Gloucester.
H. CUCKSON, 373 Ropery Road, Gainsborough, Lincs.

Here are a few of the prize-winning lines:

NoveLette—Lucy's Lunch.
TomBoys—Banister Shisers.
RevEnge—Editor Rejected.
WoRry—Result—Wig.
PortRaits—Rarely are.
HumBugs—Blubbering Undertakers.
TomBoys—Bootmakers Bless.
ChamEleon—Eddie—Cigar.

PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Blond, F. G., 53 High Street, Newport, Mon.
Bothwell, J. W., 21 Upton Avenue, Forest Gate.
Bowden, R., Red House, Borland Road, Peckham Rye.
Bowen, W. A., 30 Epirus Road, Walham Green.
Brock, H., Engineers' Dept., St. James's Gate, Dublin.
Catchpole, A., 56 Rayleigh Road, W. Kensington, W.
Conn, W. T., 33 Harrowdene Road, Knowle, Bristol.
Crabbe, W., 24 Commercial Row, Pembroke Dock.
Davidson, J. P., 85 Main Road, Intake, near Sheffield.
De Wardt, A., St. Cuthberts, Strand Street, Sandwich.
Faithfull, A. E., 49 Mayfield Road, Stroud Green, N.
Farr, T., 43 Oriel Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead.
Filer, J., 83 Redvers Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Gower, T., Bridgnorth Road, Wollaston, Stourbridge.
Griffiths, T. W., 18 York Place, Newport, Mon.
Hampton, A. J., 27 Gilpin Avenue, E. Sheen, S.W.
High, J. W., Royston, Corsham Road, Southend-on-Sea.
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Leworth, G., 34 Gwyde Crescent, Swansea.
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Pratt, O. S., 44 Cyril Street, Northampton.
Reid, J. A., Sunnyside, Golf Course, Girvan, Ayrshire.
Rudd, R. W., 24 Ivanhoe Crescent, Sunderland.
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Stansfield, F. E., 2 Tynycoed Tce., Penydarren, Merthyr Tydfil.
Stanton, Miss A., 40 Sonning Bldgs., Rochelle Street, E.
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White, W., 3 Merton Villas, Rodborough, Stroud, Glos.
Williams, A. G., 61 Castle Street, Caerphilly.
Ward, E., 18 High Street, Sittingbourne, Kent.
Wood, H., 23 Crossfield Road, Cleator Moor, Cumberland.
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Brown, Mrs. Harry, Inglemere, Silverdale Rd., Hove, Brighton.
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Champion, John David, Quethiock, Liskeard, Cornwall.
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Clements, A., Knutsford Drive, Belfast.
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Glen, Miss Margaret, 6 Vulcan Place, Sunderland.
Goldie, G., 5 Southdown Terrace, Steyning, Sussex.
Gowers, Albert R., 15 Marlborough Road, Ipswich.
Hall, Ernest, 56 Padgate Lane, Warrington, Lancs.
Hamilton, Jess, Bryn Moel, Dolwyddelan, North Wales.
Harding, G., 30 Portsmouth Road, Guildford.
Harrison, M., Miss, Snowdon Ranger, Quellyn Lake, near Carnarvon.
Haskell, Miss, 1 Cleveland Park Crescent, Walthamstow.
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Hillyer, C. H., 31 Oxford Street, Southampton.
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Kirk, Jas., Easie Schoolhouse, Meigle.
Langtree, E., 4 Osborne Road, Swanage, Dorset.
Leader, T. W., Little Houghton, Northampton.

(List of Winners continued on p. III. of red cover.)

—For the Five best second lines I will give Briar Pipes. Mark postcards "Beam." *(See page 168.)*

'Smacking the Baby'

Batting and Bowling Fashions Have Changed Very Much in the Last Few Years.

ANY man who has attended first-class cricket matches for the last twenty years has noticed decided changes. New strokes have come in; others have been abandoned.

"The Pull."
Some years ago no first-class batsman ever dreamt of attempting this stroke.

One often sees nowadays in the cricket reports, for instance, that So-and-so brought off several brilliant "pulls."

The "pull" would, in the 'nineties, have horrified all critics of cricket as a stroke played only by the village-green batsman, but nowadays it is very fashionable.

The batsman leans out forward, and, with a horizontal bat, sweeps a straight or even an off-ball somewhere between long-on and square-leg, hitting as near the pitch of the ball as he can. The slangy batsman dubs it the "cow-shot."

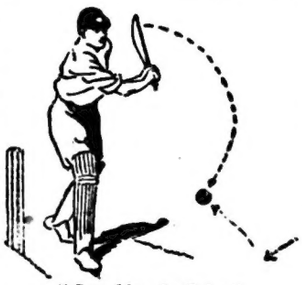
The first position for "Ranji's" leg glance—

The "leg-glance" is purely an invention of Ranjitsinhji. Never seen or thought of twenty years ago, all crack bats keep it in their bag nowadays. And with the rise of the leg-glance the old leg-hit has practically disappeared. The batsman who, when playing a leg ball used to put his left foot across towards mid-on and hit backwards, now either glances it or stands squarely facing the bowler and hooks it.

—The stroke completed. It is all wrist work.

The very newest of shots is the "drive to slip," sometimes called, for no imaginable reason, "smacking the baby." Very few batsmen play it as yet, but among the experimenters are Trumper and one or two of the younger Australians.

It is only used when a slow bowler is bowling on the off. The batsman, seeing a suitable ball coming, quickly makes his right and left hands change places, and with a spanking drive helps the ball on its journey. The stroke is made just as if the batsman were a left-hander playing a ball bowled by the long-stop.



"Smacking the Baby."
A new shot played by some of the Australians. The batsman turns round in his crease and drives the ball through the slips.

Bowling has seen its changes, too. Twenty years ago the "off-theory" was firmly held by bowlers. Then rose the "swerve." Its decline has been followed by the rise of the googly, that awkward ball which breaks the opposite way from the way the bowler's hand makes you expect.

But now that the googly has taught batsmen to watch the ball carefully, it is losing its terrors. The very latest thing in bowling is the "dip."

Emery and Pegler, our Colonial visitors, are scaring batsmen out with balls that seem like simple full-pitches, but which, when they reach the batsmen, seem to duck down suddenly in the air and get in under the bat. Scores of young bowlers are trying experiments in grip in order to solve the secret of the "dip."

"WAS the bazaar at your church a success?"
"Almost, but not quite."
"Why, how's that?"
"Two men managed to escape with their tramfare!"

"IN China a fine is imposed when a train is late. Quoer custom, eh?"
"Oh, I don't know! Ever notice what happens when a boat comes in late in this country?"
"No; what happens?"
"She is promptly docked."

STATUE TO A SOCK!

READERS who are taking their holidays abroad for the first time are astonished, as a rule, at the number of statues erected to animals of all kinds.

Many people, however, will remember the famous "Brown Dog" statue which created such excitement a few years ago.

So great was the outcry, in fact, that the Battersea Borough Council were compelled to remove the statue, after it had been specially guarded by police for some time.

In China is one of the biggest and expensive animal cemeteries in the world. It is behind the Summer Palace at Pekin, and some of the statues erected to favourite cats and dogs are worth many thousands of pounds each.

One of the most extraordinary monuments ever erected was raised to a sock! Some years ago, during a violent storm, a ship foundered off Seaham Harbour. Among the drowned was the captain.

Months after a man's foot, to which was still adhering a piece of grey sock, was washed up on shore. The captain's widow recognised the remnant of the sock as belonging to her husband. In spite of opposition she had the sock and foot placed in a box and buried with due ceremony, afterwards erecting a statue over the spot in memory of her dead husband.

"SAY, those Russians have the funniest names, haven't they? Simkovitch, Markovitch, Horovitch——"
"Yes; you can't tell vich is vich."

THE young man wanted an understanding before he proposed.
"Can you wash dishes?" he asked.
"Oh, yes," said the girl. "Can you wipe 'em?"
He didn't propose.

BIRTHDAY MOTTOES.

Tues., July 30.
Women spoil every romance by trying to make it last for ever.

Wed., July 31.
There is a fatality about good resolutions—they are always a little late.

Thurs., August 1.
How many women would laugh at the funerals of their husbands if it were not the custom to cry?

Fri., August 2.
Beautiful things are put into the world to be made the best of, and to what better use can a pretty young woman be put than to flirt with her?

Sat., August 3.
Impudence is almost as good as brains, and a great deal more appreciated.

Sun., August 4.
It requires a great deal of tact for a woman to make her husband think he is having his own way.

Mon., August 5.
A woman sometimes remains an old maid not because she has been disappointed in love, but because she doesn't want to be.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Grand Viziership.**
2. **Confucianism.**
3. **Argumentum ad Hominem.**
4. **Grub Street.**
5. **Talent Money.**
6. **Dying Duck in a Thunderstorm.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want *you* to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, August 6th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 86.

(1) SIX-POWERS BANKING GROUP.

The winner, F. Beach, Sedgley Road, Tipton, Staffs., submitted the following explanation:

This is practically a syndicate of Banks, formed by an agreement between England, France, Germany, America, Russia, and Japan to help China, who is nearly bankrupt at the present time, to pay her soldiers and provide funds required for immediate use.

(2) WIND-JAMMER.

J. Learmouth, 2 Adamswell Street, Springburn, Glasgow, supplied the winning definitions in the following terms:

Wind-jammer is a name given by seamen to an ocean-going sailing vessel. In contrary winds the steersman lays or jams the ship's head, as close as the sails will permit to the direction from which the wind is blowing, hence the appropriateness of the nickname.

(3) NAMING A MEMBER (PARLIAMENT).

For the explanation which follows, the prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to R. Perry, Church Street, Minchinhampton, Glos.

Should a member of Parliament be guilty of unseemly conduct or use offensive words, persistently refusing to withdraw them, he is mentioned *by name* by the Speaker, and leaves immediately, or is forcibly removed. Otherwise custom demands that a member be referred to as "the honourable member for——" (naming constituency).

(4) GOING THE WHOLE HOG.

This phrase was thus defined by the prize-winner, Miss J. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull.

A phrase of doubtful origin, literally meaning, "seeing things through at any sacrifice." In America it signifies holding unqualified democratic views. In Ireland it means spending a whole shilling, "hog" being slang for "shilling." With Englishmen, it means using no half-measures, *e.g.*, the Tariff Reformers' "whole-hogging."

(5) SYCOPHANT.

The winning explanation we received from J. Etherton, "Southcote," Somerset Road, Tunbridge Wells, who wrote as follows:

Literally an *informer about figs*, upon which fruit dues were levied in ancient Greece, information being given of non-payment of the dues in expectation of being rewarded by the State, or obtaining hush-money from the delinquents; hence a common informer or servile flatterer of great men or officials.

(6) STONE BLIND.

The winner of the prize of 10s. 6d. for the following explanation was R. K. Masterton, 17 Eversfield Road, Reigate.

A phrase for total and irremediable blindness. A stone by its commonness readily commending itself as a popular illustration, and also by its substance conveying the idea of complete insensibility, in which sense it is used in such words as stone-dead, stone-deaf, and stone-blind.

Jones has got a dog whose bark is worse than its bite. The other day.

TREACHERY!

The Story of a Great Deception.

By PAUL URQUHART, Author of "The House of the Stranger."

CHAPTER ONE.

Dr. Brown's Strange Case.

MARCH had come in like a lion, and over sea and land a fierce storm raged. On Dartmoor the full effect of its violence was felt. The rain drove through the air, shaped by the south-westerly gale into the pattern of some fine lace; the hills were streaked with grey where small streams had been changed into tumbling, foaming cataracts, and far off on the horizon the Tors were wreathed in smoking mist.

A mile from the village of Huxley, in the middle of the moor, the grey stone building of Hollow Farm stood, lashed by the fury of the storm.

In the long, old-fashioned parlour a man, nervously fingering his flaxen moustache, was gazing out at the scene of desolation which stretched before him. His highly-bred features, with their aquiline nose and steel-blue eyes set closely together, bore the unmistakable signs of anxiety.

Presently he moved from the window to the fireplace, and stood there, his head a little on one side, listening attentively. There was no ceiling to the parlour, only the bare beams and the polished oak boards, so that every sound in the room above reached his ears.

Footsteps moved backwards and forwards, making the ornaments on the mantelpiece rattle; now and again a bed creaked, and above the noise of the tempest he could hear a groan and a cry as of somebody in pain.

For half an hour he stood thus, listening, and then suddenly there was a lull in the seemingly meaningless noises overhead.

A faint, reedy cry broke upon the stillness of the house, and almost immediately afterwards the tramping on the floor recommenced.

The man stood like a statue, his face deathly pale, and every muscle of his body stiffened. A door opened above, and somebody came hurrying down the stairs, fumbled for a moment at the parlour door, and then came in.

The new-comer would have been a striking figure anywhere, but as he stood in the low-ceilinged parlour his breadth of chest and length of limb showed to more than usual advantage. Nearly six feet two, he seemed almost to fill that part of the room in which he stood. His frank, open, youthful face—for he was only thirty-two—was ruddy and glowing with the open air of the moor, contrasting curiously with the pale nervousness of the other man's countenance.

He was the local doctor who had bought the little moorland practice five years before, and in the open-air life on the moor and in tending the sick had found that vocation which he prized before all things.

It was said of Dr. Brown that his breeziness and cheery patience did more good in a sick-room than any of his medicines.

"Well, there's a good job over," he said. "I congratulate you, sir. As fine a little boy as ever I've had the pleasure of bringing into the world."

The man by the fireplace stared at him with the frozen terror on his face of the criminal who has heard his death sentence.

"A boy," he stammered.

"Bless my soul, sir," replied the doctor, "you needn't be so frightened; your wife has come through it splendidly, and you wouldn't surely have had a girl for a first-born, would you?"

The man opened his lips as if to speak, and then, with an effort, checked himself abruptly.

"You ought to be very thankful everything has gone off so well," continued the doctor in a half reproachful tone, "for it's not often that a woman of your wife's age brings her first child into the world with so little inconvenience."

Again the man made an effort to speak, and this time his lips managed to frame some almost incoherent sentences.

"It's not my first child; it's the second; my first was born eleven years ago."

For a moment a look of incredulity spread itself upon the doctor's face. Then he laughed.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't know you had been married before. What I meant was that your present wife at her age has borne her first child with an ease that you don't often find in these degenerate times."

As the man made no reply the doctor sat down at the table and drawing an inkstand towards him, dipped a pen into it and began to write briskly on a form that he had taken from his pocket.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," he said, looking up after a moment, "but the fact is I don't even know your name. It's a gossipy place the moor is, but nobody seems to have become acquainted with your identity since you came here a fortnight ago and took this farm as it stood. I asked your nurse, but for some reason of her own, she referred me to you."

"Is it necessary to enter into these particulars, doctor?" replied the man, twisting his moustache with a hand that visibly shook. "I—I—in short, I came down here to avoid any publicity."

The doctor looked grave and uneasy.

"In that case the mother's name only is necessary. I didn't understand."

A flush tinged the other's pale cheeks as the full meaning of the doctor's words permeated his brain.

"The lady is my wife," he said indignantly.

All the jollity returned to the doctor's face. He smiled good-naturedly.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure, sir, for the mistake, but your mysterious manner, you must admit, justified the conclusion to which I jumped. I'm afraid you must tell me your name, however."

"Is it absolutely necessary?" the man asked again.

"Absolutely. In these days of red tape we've got to tabulate and arrange everything. Why, bless my soul, I believe that if I didn't communicate the birth of your boy within twenty-four hours, I'm liable to a fine of fifty pounds under the Notification of Births Act."

The man shifted uneasily on his feet before he answered.

"Menstone—the Marquis of Menstone," he said at length.

Dr. Brown made no effort to hide the surprise he felt at this announcement. He knew there was some mystery surrounding the identity of the strangers, who had so unexpectedly taken Hollow Farm.

As a rule the local postmaster, with that lack of secrecy peculiar to the country officials of the G.P.O., would have made known the name of the strangers within twenty-four hours of their arrival, but no letters had been addressed to Hollow Farm; the inhabitants of the house went nowhere—the London servants were strictly reticent, and in the brief interview the doctor had had with the Marquis the latter had withheld his name.

The doctor sat staring at his host for some moments with the pen raised in his hand, then he broke into a frank laugh.

"You must excuse my surprise, Lord Menstone," he said, "I had not the slightest idea I was attending the accouchement of the wife of a marquis."

As the other made no reply, he turned once more to the table, and, having filled up the form and blotted it carefully, put it in his pocket.

Lord Menstone had walked to the window, for a moment turning his back upon his companion. Then abruptly he swung round, his hands in his pockets.

"I am anxious for reasons of my own, Dr. Brown," he said, "that my presence here should not be made known. I can trust you to keep the matter secret? My wife is a highly nervous woman, and—in short, we came down here for the birth of our second son on purpose to avoid all fuss."

Something in Lord Menstone's supercilious tone stung the young doctor's pride.

"I am not accustomed to gossip about the affairs of my patients of whatever rank in life," he answered coldly.

"Thank you, you will greatly oblige me by keeping this matter to yourself," continued Lord Menstone; "and then there is the question of your fee, doctor. Will you allow me to offer you this?"

As he spoke he handed the doctor two pieces of folded paper which he took from his waistcoat pocket. Dr. Brown looked at them, and his face set hard and stern, and a little frown of anger creased his brow. They were two banknotes for a hundred each.

With a certain natural dignity he turned to Lord Menstone, letting the notes lie on the table between them.

"The fee I should have asked under ordinary circumstances, Lord Menstone, would have been three guineas, but as it is the custom of my profession to charge for services rendered in proportion to the means of our patients, I should increase that fee to fifteen guineas. The two hundred is too largely in excess of such a fee for me to accept."

Lord Menstone's fingers played uneasily with the ends of his moustache.

"No offence, I hope, doctor—a small present—quite customary, I'm sure—by way of recognition of your kindness and skill, and, if I may add, your promise to preserve my secret."

"The profession to which I have the honour to belong is a guarantee that the secret of your identity will be preserved. I do not require bribing, Lord Menstone."

He turned on his heel as he spoke, and went hastily out of the room, as if anxious not to trust himself to say more.

A few minutes later, with a black mackintosh cape buttoned tightly round his throat, he was driving rapidly in his gig, the wind behind him, across the moor.

The discovery he had made as to the identity of his patient, and the little scene he had just passed through in the parlour, occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else—of the storm and the desolate surroundings through which he passed.

Not a soul was to be seen on the yellow road which stretched like a ribbon over hill and hollow across the moor. For two miles he drove briskly on, wrapped in his own thoughts.

Suddenly, as the highway took a turn round the shoulder of a hill, he saw not far off a black figure coming towards him against the wind.

It was a woman, and a touch of incongruity was given to her appearance by the two black streamers of a widow's bonnet which lashed wildly behind her in the gale. She walked with her head down and her body bent, as if the better to contend with the elements. As he came alongside her, Dr. Brown pulled up his horse.

"Hallo!" he cried. "This is a bad day for a walk across the moor."

The woman came to the side of the trap and put her gloved hand upon the wheel as if to support herself. Looking down at her, Dr. Brown saw a vision of a sweet youthful face—delicately dainty—with cheeks that had been kissed into crimson roses by the wild caress of the wind.

For miles round every man, woman, and child was known to him, and he recognised at once that she was a stranger. He found himself staring at her almost rudely, fascinated by the contour of her upturned face.

"You will have to be careful," he cried against the wind as she held on to the trap, sheltering her face and taking long breaths as if her contest with the storm had tried her strength sorely. "You will have to be careful or you will lose your way. The moor is no place to be out in on a day like this."

"Can you tell me how far it is to Hollow Farm, near Huxley?"

Her voice was very soft and melodious, and to the doctor it seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard.

"It's two miles from here, but as good as eight with this wind blowing against you. Hadn't you better let me give you a lift back, and go there some other day?"

The woman ignored his suggestion.

"You know Hollow Farm, do you not?"

"Yes," he answered, without pausing to think. "I have just come from there."

She leant forward eagerly.

"Lord Menstone is staying there, is he not?"

The doctor, suddenly reminded of his promise, tried to withhold the information diplomatically.

"You will have to inquire there, I am afraid. Lord Menstone might be staying anywhere without my knowing it!"

The woman looked at him curiously.

"But you must know—you have just come from the farm, you say."

But a short time before he had been boasting that a doctor preserved strict professional secrecy about such affairs of his patients as came to his notice, and now he felt himself burning with eagerness to tell this beautiful woman who stood by the side of his trap the very thing about which he had promised to keep silent.

"I am sorry I can't give you any information," he replied awkwardly. "I wish you'd take my advice and let me drive you back; you oughtn't to go a step farther on the moor."

She took no notice of his warning, but moving away from the trap, turned her face once more to the wind, and without a word began to press slowly forward again.

For some moments the doctor watched her in a state of furious uncertainty, and then savagely turning his horse round, caught her up.

"Well, let me drive you part of the way, anyway," he cried, bending down over the wheel.

She looked at him perplexed.

"Why won't you answer my question?" she asked.

"I can't," he replied. "Why should you think I know anything about Lord Menstone's movements?"

It was obvious from the almost contemptuous little

When you are idly sitting upon the pebbly beach,

Don't forget your "Pearson's," and keep it well in reach.

See first page.

frown that lined her forehead for a moment that his diplomatic answer did not deceive her.

"I am much obliged for your offer," she said, "but I prefer to walk. Good afternoon!"

There was nothing to be done but to accept his defeat, and turning round once more he resumed his journey homewards.

It was four o'clock when he drew up in front of his own house. The dusk was already setting in, and his little sitting-room, with a glowing fire and the tea-things hard by, placed there in readiness by his housekeeper, looked very cosy and comfortable in contrast with the storm outside.

After taking off his boots he went to a bookshelf and selected a copy of Debrett which somebody had sent him as a Christmas present the previous December.

He turned over the pages curiously until he found the name of Menstone. There with interest he read the detailed history of the illustrious family whose latest scion he had just been instrumental in bringing into the world.

Suddenly his face clouded and his brow puckered. He turned back to the title page to see the date of the book. It had been issued only three months before, and yet there in the history of the Menstone family it was stated perfectly clearly that the present Marquis had married but once. One son and heir, Earl Denton, had been born eleven years before, three years after his marriage with Mary, daughter of Captain Brockley, of Askwith, Yorkshire.

There was no mention of this lady's death; had she died and had the Marquis married again the event must have been chronicled in the volume.

"That beats everything," he muttered to himself. "The present Marchioness must be the mother of both the boys, and yet I'll eat my hat if she ever had a child before."

He gazed contemplatively into the fire. He was troubled and perplexed.

All his considerable physiological knowledge rose up in arms against the suggestion that the Marchioness had borne a child, prior to the one she had just brought into the world, and yet here was the statement, corroborating clearly what he now understood the Marquis to have said, that she had given birth to an elder son eleven years previously.

"There's something wrong somewhere," he muttered, "or why should they want to come down to such an out of the way place as that farm for the confinement?"

He stared into the magic hollows of the glowing coals as if there lay the secret that puzzled him, but this familiar solace of many a man's thoughts proved unavailing.

His attention wandered; gradually the whole question of the Menstone family faded from his mind; in its place there sprang up the fair face of the woman he had met on the moor.

CHAPTER TWO.

The Lady of the Moor.

AFTER the doctor's departure, Lord Menstone strode up and down the parlour floor for an hour, like a man who is nerving himself for some ordeal. Then at last he opened the door and walked quietly up the stairs to his wife's bedchamber.

She turned her head on the pillow as he entered, and for a moment their eyes met as if exchanging signals. He went to her side and took her hand, and very feebly she drew his head down towards hers.

"Send that woman out of the room," she whispered, "I want to speak to you alone."

Lord Menstone addressed the nurse, who, her work over, was sitting in the corner of the room quietly knitting.

"Would you mind leaving us for a short time, nurse?" he said. "My wife wants to say something to me."

She rose obediently.

"You must not let her talk too much, and you must promise not to stay too long," she said, standing on the threshold.

He saw the door close and waited till the faint sound of the nurse's felt slippers had died away down the stairs before he turned again to his wife. For several seconds they stared at one another without a word passing between them, but it seemed from their faces as if they exchanged a long list of questions and answers.

"What about Bobby?" she asked suddenly aloud.

Lord Menstone's face turned an ashen grey as she uttered the words.

"I don't understand," he muttered. "What do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. What are we to do with him now that I have given you this son?"

"For eleven years Bobby has been our son, and he must remain so; it is too late to change now."

Lady Menstone's pale face flushed angrily.

"Do you think I shall allow him to stand between my own son and his rights? You must be mad to suppose such a thing, George."

Though he laid one of his hands on her forehead as if to quiet her, gently stroking back her dark hair, there was an evil scowl upon his brow.

"Listen, Mary, and try and be sensible. I know that it must be hard for you, but you must see that we can do nothing else. Bobby has been brought up as our son, and all the world thinks him so. We cannot now let it be known that we played a trick and palmed an heir off on the Menstone family who is not our child. It is too late to retrace our steps."

"I won't have it!" she cried passionately. "Nobody shall take the place of my own baby. I never wanted you to play this trick; it was all your jealousy of your brother Hubert.

"If only you had waited we should have had a son, and there would have been no need to make me masquerade as a mother with a baby from a Transylvanian village."

Lord Menstone put his hand over her mouth to stifle her words, looking nervously over his shoulder as he did so.

"Hush, Mary," he whispered, "not so loud, for Heaven's sake; that woman may be listening."

She laughed hysterically.

"Do you think she won't find out?" she replied. "You may have hidden your identity from her and the three servants you got from London for the present, but they are sure to know in the end, and the doctor as well."

"I had to tell the doctor, but he will say nothing. We've kept the secret all these years, Mary, why should it leak out now?"

She half buried her face in the pillow, making no answer.

"I would have given anything for this not to have happened, Mary," he went on. "Up to the last I always hoped it would be a girl, then everything would have been plain sailing."

He cast a glance of almost malignant hatred in the direction of the cradle where the newly-born infant lay sleeping his first sleep on earth.

"I knew you would always hate my son," Lady Menstone retorted, looking up quickly, and intercepting his glance. "But he'll have his rights none the less."

A spasm of angry irritation crossed Lord Menstone's face.

"What you say is absurd, Mary; for better or worse we put Bobby forward as our child and heir, thinking we should never have any children. It was my fault, if you like to say so, but you consented willingly enough at the time. It is too late to end a fraud which has lasted eleven years. The child is registered out there as our son. His parents, it is true, have both disappeared, but Dr. Svenyon, who arranged the matter of the certificate for us, is still alive, and what would he say if we suddenly confessed to the deception we have practised all these years?"

"Pay him," she answered wildly. "He will do anything for money. Send Bobby back to him; give out that he is dead, or has disappeared, or been kidnapped—there are hundreds of ways of safely ridding ourselves of this boy, who stands between my child and his inheritance."

Lord Menstone shook his head gloomily.

"You are not in a fit state to discuss the matter now, Mary. We will talk about it when you are stronger, and then, I am sure, you will see that what I have suggested is the only possible course we can take."

She turned her face stubbornly to the pillow, refusing to answer him. There was a low knock at the door and the nurse entered.

"I can't allow you to talk any longer to my patient," she said with a cheerful smile. "She must be very quiet for the next few days."

Lord Menstone turned and left the room. As the door closed behind him Lady Menstone raised herself on her arm and beckoned the nurse to her side.

"Nurse," she said in an earnest whisper, "I want you to promise me something. I want you to swear solemnly that you will do what I am going to ask you."

Her eyes were so wild, and her manner so strange that the nurse almost involuntarily put her hand upon her pulse.

"But you must try and compose yourself, and not get excited. Of course I will do anything I can for you—that is what I am here for."

Lady Menstone clutched at her arm with a hand that shook nervously. "I cannot be quiet unless you swear to do what I ask you."

Anxious to compose her patient, the nurse readily promised.

"Don't let anybody come near my baby except yourself. Don't let him touch it——"

She glanced meaningly at the door through which Lord Menstone had gone. "Don't let the baby ever out of your arms or leave his side when he is in the room. Watch over him as if he were your own."

Suddenly alarmed for her patient's mental state, the nurse tried to make her lie back on the pillows, but she resisted her efforts.

"You think I am mad, but I am not; he hates the child! I saw him look across the room at the cradle when he was in here, and there was that in his face which filled me with terror for my baby."

"I promise faithfully to do everything you wish," replied the nurse, "if only you will lie down and rest. Baby shall never leave my arms, and I will look after him as carefully as if he were my own child."

With a look of gratitude and relief, Lady Menstone sank back on the pillows and closed her eyes, while the nurse, with deft fingers, rearranged the tumbled bedclothes. Downstairs, Lord Menstone restlessly paced the parlour floor, revolving in his mind the terrible problem with which he had been faced.

His thoughts went back to the early days of his married life—the three miserable years during which he had hoped in vain that his wife would bear him a son. Then the quarrel with his hot-tempered younger brother Hubert—Lord Hubert Horsfall.

He had always hated Hubert, the very warmth and generosity of his brother's nature galled his meaner soul. Hot words had passed between them, and Hubert, in a thoughtless, passionate moment, had taunted him with having no children, and even boasted that he, Hubert, would inherit the property. Almost immediately afterwards Hubert had apologised, begging forgiveness for the cruelty of his words, but though there had been an outward show of reconciliation the words had sunk deep into Lord Menstone's heart.

Then came Lord Hubert's *mésalliance* with a beautiful and sweet-natured woman much below him in rank, and the births in rapid succession of two sons.

Lady Menstone had been right when she said that it was his hatred and jealousy of Hubert which had prompted him to practise the elaborate fraud by which he had palmed off an infant as the son of his childless wife.

It had all been so surprisingly easy to accomplish. He had gone to the little Hungarian village of Klausladt, in the Transylvanian Alps, on the borders of Roumania, and there he had found the instruments ready to his hand for what he proposed to do.

For a lump sum down and an annuity, a drunken disreputable doctor named Svenyon, who eked out a miserable living among the peasants, found him a newly-born baby and forged the necessary certificates to establish the child as the son of Earl Denton, the eldest son of the Marquis of Menstone.

The news had been wired to the London papers, and after a reasonable interval they had returned to England for the christening of the baby, who had been given the name of Robert George.

Later the old Marquis had died, and he had come into the title and estates, and for eleven years his life had been untroubled by any qualms of conscience for the fraud he had practised.

Then suddenly he had been rudely awakened from his dream of content. After fourteen years of married life, at the age of thirty-six, his wife had told him that she was expecting a child. And now that child had been born—a son—and the whole elaborate treachery that he had so skilfully organised was rendered futile and unavailing. The offspring of unknown persons in Eastern Europe must inherit the title of which he was so proud, while his own flesh and blood—his own son—must stand aside.

There was no other way out of the difficulty; it was impossible to admit the fraud, the discovery of which might lead to serious consequences. Moreover, there was money involved. His father, the old Marquis, had left twenty thousand pounds to his grandson Robert George Horsfall, and in the event of his death it was to pass to his younger son Lord Hubert Horsfall. He did not understand his brother, but judged him by his own low standards. He knew how he would have acted under similar circumstances; that would have been at once to institute criminal proceedings.

There was no way out of the difficulty but to continue to recognise Robert as his elder son.

The care with which he had arranged for his wife's confinement had been useless. He had taken Hollow Farm furnished for six months through his agents under an assumed name, fearing lest a medical man might discover that his wife was giving birth to her first child and not her second. He had had after all to admit his identity to Dr. Brown, and though he

(Continued at foot of next page.)

A GOOD FORGET.

If bills begin to worry you,
Don't let 'em.
The only thing to do is this:
Forget 'em.
Your memory just
Needs a rest.
A nice, good, long
Forget is best.

If girls aspire to fill your mind,
Don't let 'em.
The sweet and charming little things!
Forget 'em.
We've said it once,
We say it yet,
There's nothing like
A good forget.

—Jones politely apologised,, so nicely in fact that the lady forgave him. What did Jones say?

Mysteries that have Puzzled the World

No. 1.—THE OAK ISLAND TREASURE PIT.

VERY puzzling and extraordinary is the true story of the supposed hoard of buried treasure on Oak Island, Nova Scotia—treasure which is even now being sought after.

Three young men named Smith, McGinnis, and Vaughan, were the first to stumble upon the beginnings of the mystery.

They were roaming in the forests with which the island is covered, when they noticed a saucer-shaped depression in the earth, a dozen feet or so in diameter.

A huge oak tree grew near by, and glancing up at its giant branches they saw that one, which projected at right angles directly over the depression in the earth, had been sawn off at a distance of about six feet from the trunk.

Furrowed scars in the bark showed that a heavy block and tackle had at some period been affixed to this natural derrick-arm. Obviously, a shaft, or well of some kind had at some time or other been dug in this remote spot, and then carefully filled in again. But the filled-in earth had settled and sunk somewhat in the course of years. Hence the peculiar, saucer-shaped depression which had attracted the young men's attention.

Two Million Pounds in Treasure.

Curiosity led them to dig. They found, as they had surmised, that they were excavating in an old shaft. The sides were solid and well defined, and scored with the marks of the picks and shovels used by the original diggers. The soil within the shaft was comparatively loose and easily removed.

Ten feet below the surface their further progress was arrested by a covering of heavy oak planks. Axes were procured, and it was cut away. Ten feet further down another similar oaken platform was come to, and at thirty feet a third was encountered.

Ninety feet below the surface a large stone slab was discovered, on which was an inscription to the effect that ten feet further down was treasure to the value of £2,000,000. This stone is still in existence.

The diggers were now jubilant. But, alas for their hopes! On going to resume work on their shaft next day they found it filled with water to within about twenty feet of the top.

Efforts were made to pump it dry, but it filled again as fast as it was emptied. Moreover, the water was salt, pointing to a connection between the sea and the bottom of the shaft.

The treasure-seekers argued, quite reasonably, that, if this connection were a natural one, the original diggers of the shaft would have encountered the inflow, when, of course, they could have dug no deeper. Therefore the men who had buried the treasure, whoever they were, must have been at the pains of driving a tunnel or passage from near the bottom of their shaft to the sea-shore with the object of flooding out any subsequent intruders.

A Tunnel Found at Low Water.

Acting on this theory, search was made along the base of the cliffs immediately opposite to where the Treasure Pit was located, and, sure enough, at low water, what was obviously the entrance to an artificial cavern or tunnel was discovered. It was so overgrown and choked with seaweed as to be invisible to any ordinary observer. Moreover, no more than the top of the tunnel mouth was exposed even when the tide was at its lowest.

Near the tunnel was a huge iron ring-bolt, fastened to a submerged rock, to which boats had obviously been moored. A boatswain's whistle of ancient pattern was also found, and a copper coin bearing the date of 1713.

All indications now pointed to the actual existence of a hoard of buried treasure, hidden in some remote period by pirates, buccanneers, or some such gentry. Capital was attracted to the quest. A coffer-dam was built round the entrance to the tunnel; and a ring of twenty subsidiary drainage shafts were sunk round the central Treasure Pit.

But storms destroyed the coffer-dam. The drainage shafts failed to drain. In despair the treasure seekers had recourse to boring apparatus similar to that used in prospecting for coal.

The drill disclosed the presence below the floor of the flooded shaft of seven oaken chests, presumably filled with treasure, for the augur brought to the surface upon one occasion portions of an antique gold chain.

Stronger coffer-dams were thereupon constructed, and more elaborate engineering works were undertaken.

These are now so nearly completed that it is hoped this summer may witness the solution of the mystery.

(*Next week: "The Secret Room at Glamis."*)

BUTCHER: "What can I send you to-day, Mrs. Styles?"

Mrs. Styles: "Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep; we are in mourning, you know."

"I'M in a difficulty over my girl."

"What's wrong?"

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I stop she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."

LABOUR WASTED.

WHEN Tommy was taking his father his dinner, he stopped for a moment to watch a workman emptying a sewer. "That," remarked Tommy interestedly, "is the grate my brother lost a shilling down."

The workman's eyes lit up. "Well, young man," he said, with a show of carelessness, "you'd better get forward with that dinner before it's cold."

In about half an hour Tommy returned, to find the man still at the same grate. "Are you quite sure it was this grate the shilling was lost in?" said the workman.

"I am certain," replied Tommy, "because I saw my father get it out."

TREACHERY (*Continued from page 152.*)

cherished the hope that the man would keep silence, he knew that a secret shared with anyone else is no longer a secret.

Over and over again he turned the problem in his mind as to what he should do, and how he should act. It seemed that his wife upstairs had opened up a new vista of complications. What if, after all, she insisted on her own son's rights?

If the baby would only die——

He stopped in his walk, trying to stifle the mad thought that rose in his brain. If the baby were to die then all would be as before; his wife would be content to hold her tongue and they would sink back once more into the untroubled life that he loved.

The clatter of the knocker on the door awoke him from his reverie. He heard one of the servants he had brought from London walk down the passage, and a woman's voice inquiring if she could see the master of the house. Presently the servant entered the parlour, telling him that a lady wished to see him on most particular business, which she refused to state.

Lord Menstone hesitated a moment, wondering who his visitor could be, and then, as if glad of some break in the monotony of his gloomy thoughts, he told the servant to show her in.

Darkness had fallen, and save for the glow of the fire the parlour was almost obscured. Standing on the threshold of the room, Lord Menstone made out the dim outline of a woman in widow's weeds.

He called out to the servant to light the candles, and as the yellow flames sprung up all round he studied his visitor more carefully from under his shaggy eyebrows.

She was a woman of about thirty-two, with a pretty, delicate face, now all crimsoned with the fury of the storm. She stood silent at the door until the servant had retired, then she advanced slowly towards the fireplace where he was standing.

"I've come a long way, but at last I have found you, Lord Menstone."

He started and turned pale as she uttered his name, and, with his customary nervous habit, his fingers involuntarily sought the ends of his flaxen moustache.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before, I think, madam," he stammered.

"No," she answered simply, "we have never met before. I am Lady Hubert Horsfall."

Again he started as if he had been subjected to some galvanic shock, while a dark frown puckered his brow.

"So," he replied, looking at her insolently, "you are the woman that Hubert married. I trust he is happy with you, though I suppose your unrequested presence here implies that after all these years he desires to make use of his brother."

"My husband is dead, Lord Menstone, and he would have been the last person in the world to ask any assistance from you."

A fierce joy thrilled Lord Menstone's heart. The news that his brother was dead seemed to remove one of the great obstacles that lay in his path. He turned to the woman who stood in front of him, her eyes fixed on his face.

"May I ask your business?" he asked shortly.

"My rights, and the rights of my children."

The reply was as terse and abrupt as the question had been. Lord Menstone in vain attempted to keep in the background the shadow of uneasiness that passed over his face.

"I've nothing to do with your rights. You have no claim upon me. My brother married you against his family's wish, and if he has left you unprovided for, that is your misfortune—the penalty you must pay for your ambition. I can do nothing for you."

For the first time something like anger showed itself on her delicate features. She moved a little closer to him, her hands clenched.

"I said rights, Lord Menstone. I should never come to solicit favours. If you do not wish to hear me I can leave the matter to the law of the land, but I have come all this way with the hope of avoiding scandal."

He shifted uneasily on his feet, and finally leaned back against the mantelpiece as if to give himself an air of unconcern that he was far from feeling.

"Pray explain yourself."

"Perhaps you will understand," she replied quietly, "when I tell you where my husband died."

"Where did he die?"

"At Klausladt in the Transylvanian Alps," she replied in a low voice.

Lord Menstone made no reply, but his face in the candlelight was like a waxen mask.

"And before he died," she went on in the same clear, low tones, "he sent me certain papers and particulars. They relate to the story of the treachery and the deception you practised, Lord Menstone, in pretending that the child you call Lord Robert George Horsfall is your son. My husband found the parents of the child and the doctor who forged the certificate of birth, and I have come here to claim the twenty thousand pounds which your father properly bequeathed to my husband."

A wave of hysterical emotion swept over Lord Menstone, and he laughed aloud.

"And how will you prove this story?" he asked. "Who will believe you?"

"The proofs are here, Lord Menstone," she said quietly, touching her dress.

"And do you think and suppose that your son will be the Marquis of Menstone?" he went on in the same wild, laughing tone. "You little fool, you have arrived too late; you have come just at the moment when all your precious plans and schemes will be shattered."

"I don't understand what you are saying, Lord Menstone," she retorted stiffly. "The proofs I possess are clear——"

He interrupted her rudely.

"Curse your proofs! What do they matter? Not two hours ago in the room above this, my wife gave birth to a son who at any rate will be the true Marquis of Menstone."

His words died away in a burst of laughter. Silence fell upon the room. The woman neither spoke nor moved, but stood gazing at Lord Menstone like one who sees a vision.

Then suddenly on the stillness there came a faint tap on the window. The sound broke the silence with an effect that was almost dramatic. Lord Menstone started and turned involuntarily towards the end of the room. Outside nothing could be seen, for the darkness had settled down densely.

The tap was repeated. This time more loudly and and decidedly.

The Marquis seized one of the candlesticks from the mantelpiece and strode towards the window. Lady Hubert followed him. Side by side they peered through the glass. There against the pane was pressed a sombre visage with bright, dark eyes and a mouth, crowned by a black moustache, half open, showing a row of white teeth.

Lord Menstone started back with an exclamation of amazement and terror.

"My God! Dr. Svenyon!" he cried.

(*Another long instalment next week.*)

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

—*For the five best things said I will give watches. Mark postcards "Bark."* (*See page 168.*)

BOMBS FOR BREAKFAST.

Lord Gladstone Once Received a Box of Explosive Cigars, while Mr. Balfour Received a Large Box of Seidlitz Powders!

THE career of Cabinet Minister ought really to be classed among the dangerous trades. Since the spread of the Votes for Women movement many ministers have been struck, pushed, kicked, or otherwise mishandled. That risks even more serious come into their day's work is shown by a recent incident at the Home Office.

The other day a small brown-paper parcel was discovered near Mr. McKenna's private room. As it contained a dark powder it was handed over to Scotland Yard. Examination there showed that the powder was harmless, but many searching tests were made before this conclusion was reached.

Scotland Yard, in fact, is quite accustomed to testing mysterious presents sent to Cabinet Ministers. When the present Lord Gladstone was Home Secretary a large box of cigars was delivered at his private room on his birthday.

The cigar-bands bore an excellent name, and the Home Secretary talked of trying them. But an official strongly dissuaded him, and the box was sent to Scotland Yard for examination. Each was found to contain a sufficient amount of a dangerous explosive to kill or mutilate for life the man who smoked more than an inch.

Only an Easter Egg!

An experience of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, when Prime Minister, had its humorous side. On Easter Monday there came through the post a parcel obviously containing a gigantic Easter egg. The private secretary who opened the parcel undid the catch.

Inside was a slightly smaller egg, inside that another. Just then a faintly perceptible tick became audible. The secretary prudently carried the suspected bomb out to the garden and telephoned to Scotland Yard.

The police experts placed the inner egg for a considerable time in water. On opening it they discovered that they had been doing their best to ruin a valuable jewelled clock!

A grimmer incident, and one that turned out a tragedy, happened in the private room of a distinguished Hungarian statesman named Volniak, in 1895. For no particular reason he delegated to his secretary one morning a piece of work he usually performed himself—that of opening and reading some confidential reports.

After a few minutes an exclamation of annoyance escaped the secretary's lips. In answer to Volniak, he remarked that he had only scratched himself. Ten minutes later he excused himself on the ground that he was feeling unwell. Three hours later he was dead.

A Poisoned Paper-Pin.

His death was traced to a poisoned paper-pin, attached to one of the reports in such a way that it was almost impossible to open the document without getting scratched. The writer of the report was put on trial but proved his innocence, and the affair still remains a mystery.

When Mr. Balfour was Secretary for Ireland a mysterious parcel reached his room, untidily tied up in brown paper. Inside a thick padding of straw was found an oak box. Inside this was a small steel box, resting on a layer of white powder. From the side of the steel box issued a spring whose other end disappeared in the white powder.

The matter was put into the hands of the police at once. A sample of the powder had been taken out and was being tested when an inquiring detective noticed the tip of a piece of white paper among the powder in the box. Pulling it out he read: "You can mix this with water if you like. But for the way we take our drink in Ballyhooley try inside."

The whole affair was a practical joke. The white powder was the powder from a few blue and white seidlitz papers, mixed. The steel box contained a small flask of Irish whisky.

Danger comes to Cabinet Ministers in other forms than mysterious parcels. The other day a woman was arrested on a charge of attempting to burn the Colonial Secretary's house down. A year ago a French Cabinet Minister was shot at while in his place in the Chambre des Députés, the M.P. beside him being seriously wounded.

PER HORSE POWER.

A motorist was stranded in a West Country village, and put up for the night at an inn. When paying his bill the following morning he found the landlord charged him eighty shillings for housing the car for the night.

On his protesting, the landlord slowly replied, "Well, sir, yer was saying as yer car was forty horse-power, and I allus charges two shillin's a night for a hoss."

BOTANICAL YOUTH (in park): "Can you tell me if this plant belongs to the arbutus family?"

Gardener (curtly): "No, young man, it don't; it belongs to the Town Council."

MAY WE BUY YOUR STAMPS?

Free Insurance for a Hundred Readers.

THE new Insurance Act is now law, and, whether you are an employer or a person employed, you will have to pay up your contribution every week. This will probably be a source of worry and expense to you. In order to relieve you from both we have decided to pay the whole of the insurance premiums for many of our readers for a period of six months.

All you have to do is to give us the reason why you should have your insurance money paid, and if that reason is, in our opinion, the best, under the conditions below your premiums will be paid for six months.

First of all you write at the top of the entry form given on this page your name and address, and give your reason in a few words why you should have the money. Then you go to a friend and ask him or her to do the same thing. Then to three more friends, until the entry form is filled with your own name and the names of four friends.

Then place your entry form in an envelope and send it to us.

If this entry form is amongst those selected, then you, as the person whose name appears first on the coupon, will receive a cash prize equal to the amount you will have to pay up for yourself under the Insurance Act for the next six months, and each of your friends will receive three months' money.

This is perfectly simple, isn't it?

Your reason may be serious or humorous, just as you like.

We are offering twenty prizes of six months' insurance money, and eighty prizes of three months' insurance money.

Get to work at once, and ask your friends to join you. They will be just as pleased as you are to win a prize, and you can all help each other to think out good reasons.

We have extended the closing date, and all attempts must reach this office by Tuesday, August 6th.

Mark your envelope "Insurance, No. 1," in the top left-hand corner, and address it to The Editor, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

INSURANCE CONTEST. COUPON No 1.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Reason .....

.....

.....

Friend's Name .....

Address .....

Friend's Name .....

Address .....

Friend's Name .....

Address .....

Friend's Name .....

Address .....

Competitors' friends may also start a coupon of their own and try for a prize of six months' free insurance.

SIDE OF BACON, PLEASE!

Married Couples who Enter for the Famous Dunmow Flitch have to Answer Very Searching Questions About their Married Life.

EVERY married couple who aspire to the famous Dunmow flitch of bacon have to swear the following oath:

You shall swear by custom of confession
That you ne'er made Nuptial Transgression;
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or Contentious Strife,
Or otherwise in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or in a Twelvemonth time and a Day,
Repented not in Thought any way;
Or since the Church clerk said "Amen,"
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
But continued true, and in desire,
As when you joined hand in holy Choir.

They are hard, solemn words for any man and wife to swear; perhaps that is why competitors for "the bacon" are always so few and far between.

The ceremony takes place at Dunmow, in Essex, on August Bank holiday. So long as claimants have been married for a year and a day they may come—and do come—from any part of the country, and appear before the judge, the jury, the counsel, and the townsfolk assembled to hear the claims.

Spinsters and Bachelors on the Jury.

The townsfolk pay a shilling to enter the big tent where the ceremony is held. At one end of the tent is a platform on which the judge, the counsel, and the claimants sit. Close by are the seats for the jury—six spinsters and six bachelors. It is one of the rules of the Flitch that married people shall be judged by people whose knowledge of marriage is purely theoretical.

The ceremony is extremely amusing for everyone present except the principals; for the husbands and wives who have had the hardihood to come forward and, in public, endeavour to make good their claims, it is anything but extremely amusing.

Couples have to stand up and be ruthlessly questioned concerning their daily life. "Does your husband kiss you every morning before he goes to work?" "Do you wipe your muddy boots when you come indoors?" "Have you ever vexed your wife by smoking in a room where she has just put up clean curtains?" "Do you always greet your husband with a sweet, wifely smile when he returns home, tired and hungry, in the evening?"—these are the kind of awkward, searching questions which Counsel for the Bacon maliciously delights to fire off.

Although Counsel for the Bacon always does his serio-comic best to upset the cases, the result of each claim is always a foregone conclusion. There is no case on record where a claim for the Flitch has had to be denied. Any number of claims may be made for one year, but usually the number is anything from one to six.

No Bacon to be Had.

There is an instance on record when there was no bacon ready, however. In 1772 a couple applied for the Flitch after giving "due notice" and appeared "with a great concourse of people." But, alas, they "found the Priory gates fast barred in pursuance of the express orders of the Lord of the Manor"—why, history does not relate.

Exactly how old the custom is cannot be stated with certainty. But, according to one authority, it dates back to the time of Henry III., who began to reign in 1216. Here is this authority's account of the starting of the Flitch:

"Robert Fitzwater, who lived long beloved by Henry, the son of King John, betook himself in latter days to prayer and deeds of charity. He great and bountiful alms to the poor, kept open hospitality, and re-edified the decayed Priory of Dunmow; in which Priory arose a custom, begun and instituted either by him or some of his ancestors, which is verified by the common saying or proverb, 'that he which repents him not of his marriage either sleeping or waking, in a year and a day, may lawfully go to Dunmow and fetch a gammon of Bacon.'"

Queen Victoria is said to have been privately offered "the Bacon" after she had been married a year and a day. If the offer were made it was refused.

Can you tell me "Why did the watch spring?" One answer is ☞

Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

AN ADVENTURE AT MARGATE. By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

PINCHER threw the evening paper on to the small square of grass that was dignified by the name of lawn and grunted disgustedly as he felt for his pipe.

"I reckon there oughter to be a censor of the Press," he said slowly; "someone wot would keep papers from interferin' with wot didn't concern 'em. Half the trouble in the world is caused by blanked newspapers."

"The British Press has earned a great reputation, Pincher," I said.

"Then it's livin' on it an' gettin' into debt," said the little man shortly.

"What has the Press done to offend you?" I asked.

"It's the pryin' into private matters wot annoys me," said Pincher. "Now in that rag there I've just read that Lord an' Lady So-an'-So have left for the Continent. Now, what interest is that to anyone? All his an' her ladyship's pals will know they're goin', an' 'll get picture-postcards or somethin' of that sort. Supposin' they've gone off owin' money it ain't no consolation to them as they owes money to, to know as how they've quitted, so wot's the bloomin' use of it, anyhow?"

"There are people who are interested to read the movements of Society people," I said.

"You're right, guv'nor, I was one of 'em once, but readin' that sorter stuff didn't do me any good, might very easy have meant my death, it might, an' that's why I say for the sake of the general public, for them wot is unsuspicious an' don't quite know what they're tacklin', that sorter news oughter to be knocked on the head, so to speak."

The little man lighted his pipe, took a long drink, and stared absently across the garden.

"It's some time ago now, guv'nor," he said slowly, "an' I didn't know as much then as I've learned later, an' I was apt to act hasty an' take big risks. I was staying at Dover at the time doin' a little work in connection with a pal of mine wot was doin' a little importin' from France (I'll tell you about an adventure him an' me had one of these days), an' one mornin' sitting in my diggin's, I happened to glance down the social news, an' one short paragraph seemed to stand out above the others. It was only just a few lines, but it said as how Mr. Meirpont Porgan, the American millionaire, was stayin' at Margate an' derivin' great benefit from the sea bathing.

"Well, guv'nor, millionaires ain't exactly as common as pebbles on the beach at Margate, an' after sittin' down an' thinkin' things over, I began to wonder if I couldn't also derive a bit of benefit from the sea-bathin', so to speak.

"I hadn't exactly a plot, but I'd got a glimmering of an idea, an' as there was cheap tickets issued, an' my pal wouldn't be back for three days, I decided that I'd go straight off to Margate an' see if anythin' was to be picked up.

"My pal was payin' for the diggin's, so I only had to just pack up a small bag, an' I was in Margate before mid-day an' fixed up a room over a coffee shop near the station at about four times wot it was worth, which is a way they have at the seaside places in holiday times, an' I daresay havin' a blanked millionaire stayin' in the town had somethin' to do with it.

"Well, guv'nor, Margate didn't seem to be extra excited, but after hangin' round the best hotel in the place so long that in London I'd have been moved on as a suspicious character, loiterin' with intent to commit a felony, I saw him come out an' sit in the porchway smokin' a cigar an' starin' over the sea as though he was thinkin' of makin' another million.

"He was a shortish man with a clean-shaven face an' iron-grey hair, an' I recognised him from a photo I'd seen in the papers a few days before, so havin' located him, I went for a stroll an' made my plans.

"I was up early the next mornin' an' round watchin' the hotel in case he should be one of the early mornin' bathers, but his nibs didn't turn up, an' w'en I heard the breakfast-gong go an' saw a few gents wot had been sittin' in the verandah smokin' cigarettes an' readin' the mornin' papers, go leisurely indoors, I hurried off to my coffee shop, knowin' I'd got a good hour off duty.

"I got back again just before ten, an' sittin' on the seat opposite the hotel I sniffed the briny an' waited impatiently for his nibs to put in an appearance, an' about half-past ten he did so, lookin' very smart in a grey flannel suit an' straw hat. He strolled along the front, an' I followed him at a respectful distance.

"Well, after a little stroll he sat down an' finished his cigar and then he went down on to the sands an' made for a row of bathin'-machines with me close behind 'im, thinkin' of the money that would be left in that grey flannel suit, to say nothin' of a tie-pin an' rings an' other etceteras, so to speak.

"Well, he paid his tanner an' went off with a couple of towels an' a bathin' suit, an' I did the same, not havin' a opportunity to get 'em any other way, an' followed him down to the machines. The rush hadn't really started, so there was no waitin'. He hops it into number thirteen, an' I grinned as I thought wot an unlucky number he'd think it, an' I goes into number ten, which was quite close.

"I was very soon out of my clothes, not 'cos I was lookin' forward to goin' into the water; I didn't like the idea at all, for it was a decidedly parky mornin' for the time of year, but it had to be done, so, after standin' shiverin' on the top of the steps for a bit an' tryin' to kid myself that it was quite warm, I sorter fell in, never bein' much of a hand at divin', an' w'en I'd recovered my breath I stood up an' looked round.

"An' just then the millionaire—a very burly-lookin' cove he was, stripped—appeared at his door.

"'Wot's it like?' he says, quite affable-like to me.

"'Glorious!' I says, tryin' to keep my teeth from chatterin'; 'b-beautifully w-warm!'

"An' the next moment he took a plunge an' came up, dashin' the water from his eyes.

"'It's great!' he says; an' then before I had time to decide whether he was bein' sarcastic or was a man of peculiar tastes, he was strikin' out for the open sea, bein' evidently a bit of a swimmer, one of them chaps wot likes to get out into deep water away from the splashers an' the chance of having another man's foot shoved into your face.

"Well, it suited me very well; I watched him until I saw it was safe, an' then nipped up the steps into his machine wishin' I'd been able to bring a bag. Quick as lightnin' I made for his jacket, but there was nothin' but a bloomin' handkerchief in the breast-pockets, so I dropped that an' went for the trousers, an' just as I'd got hold of 'em there came a jerk wot sent me crashin' to the floor, an' I knew the fool of a man had hitched on his horse to pull the machine further out of the water.

"Apart from sittin' down so sudden an' catchin' my head aginst the seat, I had the shock of only findin' a quid an' a little silver in the trousers' pockets, an' I got to my feet to sum up the situation, so to speak, w'en all of a sudden I found myself gripped by the neck.

"'I've got you, you scoundrel!' says a fierce voice, an' there stood the millionaire.

"Well, guv'nor, he had got me there was no denyin' that, an' as I was still holdin' his trousers in one hand an' the money in the other, the old explanation of enterin' the wrong machine wasn't at all likely to work.

"'Now, don't get hasty, Mr. Porgan,' I says, soothin'; 'it's a fair cop, but for a millionaire to go about with only one pound four shillin's an' sixpence in his pockets, well, it wouldn't sound well if it came out in evidence, would it?'

"He stared a bit blankly at me.

"'Wot on earth are you talkin' about?' he says; an' then suddenly burst out laughin'. 'Oh, this is too rich!' he says. 'Do you mean to tell me you've taken me for Mierpont Porgan? Oh, wot a joke it will be at the hotel!'

"Then a horrible feelin' come over me, guv'nor, an' I could have cried w'en he said he was a barrister wot was takin' a holiday an' stayin' at the same hotel as the bloomin' millionaire. I hadn't enough heart to say anythin'; I just stood an' watched him, guv'nor, feelin' chilly all over me.

"He took the money an' the trousers from me.

"'I shan't charge you,' he says; 'hook it!'

"An' then, guv'nor, just as I turned to walk down the steps the blighter takes an unfair advantage of me, lands out with a hefty foot, an' sends me sprawlin' into the sea to be very near drownded.

"W'en I'd recovered I dressed precious quick an' made for the station to catch the first train back to Dover. That barrister chap would go tellin' the tale everywhere, an' it was quite likely the police would take an interest.

"'See that chap over there,' says a fussy man in the same carriage as me as the train was just goin' to start.

"'Yes!' I says, short-like, lookin' at a shabby-lookin' cove what was evidently waitin' for some friends to arrive by the express from London, which was the next in.

"'That's Mierpont Porgan the Yankee millionaire,' he says; 'it's wonderful wot a difference a moustache makes to him. Last year w'en he was over in England he was clean-shaven.'

"The bloomin' paper had printed an old photograph of the blanked millionaire, guv'nor, an' I'd been at great expense an' loss of time only to pretty near catch my death of cold an' swallow enough sea water to float a bloomin' Atlantic liner. I tell you, a censor of the Press is needed bad, an' I'd be the first to sign a petition."

(Another of Pincher's Yarns Next Week.)

"The blighter landed out with a hefty foot an' sent me sprawling into the sea."

Carry Your "P.W." Gift Winners.

They carried their "Pearson's" in their hand,
And this is what we gave them.

STYLOGRAPHIC PENS TO—
Miss L. Apton, 16 Sandridge Road, Liscard, Cheshire.
S. Shinn, 86 Peckham Road, Peckham, S.E.
F. W. Jones, 6 Harrarden Avenue, Liscard, Cheshire.

"P. W." PENKNIVES TO—
R. Ireson, 431 Abbey Hey Lane, Gorton, Manchester.
G. W. Bloder, 30 Fennott Street, Greenock.

BLUE BIRD BROOCHES TO—
Mrs. Samson, 5 Roy Hill, Greenwich, S.E.
F. J. Lightfoot, 142 Grosvenor Terrace, Camberwell, S.E.

A SOVEREIGN PURSE TO—
A. Thomas, 22 Allb Road, Canton, Cardiff.

SILVER CIGAR CUTTERS TO—
A. Taylor, 311 Holloway Road, N.
E. T. Hardy, 78 Ruckholt Road, Leyton, N.E.
R. Cross, 49 Montague Gardens, Wallington, Surrey.
A. Sumdale, 54 Woodfield Road, Ealing.
W. Philips, 34 Duke Street, New Brighton.

A LADY'S PURSE TO—
Mrs. J. Wilson, 46 Gibson Square N., Liverpool Road, London.

PAIRS OF SCISSORS TO—
A. Davis, 58 Cross-brook Street, Cheshunt, Herts.
Mrs. S. Arthur, 190 Maria Street, Benwell, Newcastle.
E. J. Holmes, 97 Warwick Street, Hatton.

CIGARETTE CASES TO—
J. W. Montire, 34 Milligrove Street, Battersea, S.W.
W. G. Raymond, 89 Lansdowne Road, Cannon Town, E.
C. E. Kirby, 42 Fitzwilliam Road, Clapham, S.W.

So carry your "Pearson's" in your hand,
And see what we will give you.

—*"Because it saw the biscuit box!" I want better, however.*

The Dishonourable Cad

The Story of a Practical Joke.

By

LILLIE ROSS CLYNE.

Robert Blandon sat beside the study fire, ensconced in a huge armchair. He was one of those big, well-built men whose figures seem adapted for the cosiest chair in the room. He was dark, with kind brown eyes; and although he was forty-five years of age he did not look it. His wife Peggy, a dainty little woman nearly twenty years his junior, was curled up on the rug at his feet. Despite the difference in their ages, the two, who had only been married a little over a year, loved each other dearly, and were very happy. Peggy thought there was no one in the world like her Bob; and as for Bob—why, he had watched Peggy grow up from the time she was a shy school-girl and had known even then that she was the only woman in the world for him.

"And so at last I'm going to meet your friend, Cecil Marsden, the most perfect man in existence, according to my good old husband, who always sees the best in everyone. Of course, I shall be disappointed in him. People always are when they have heard too glowing an account of people before they meet them."

"You won't be disappointed in Cecil, Peggy. Hullo!"

The maid had entered bearing a buff-coloured envelope on a tray. "Oh, a telegram. He isn't coming!" said Peggy, before she had time to glance at the contents.

"Well, that's really very fortunate, because——" began the man, only to be interrupted by his wife's joyous shout:

"It's from Kit!" she exclaimed. "She's got a holiday and is paying us a surprise visit to-day."

"That's good news, little woman, and will help you to bear some news I have to impart. I've had a wire from home. The old dad has had a stroke, and I'm wanted at once. The very worst is feared. You are not strong enough to travel so far just yet, dear; and besides you would hardly care to leave your brother, as you've so looked forward to his visit. As he is here and now Kit is coming I shall leave you with an easy mind. You can tell Kit what a tyrant of a husband you have, and then she'll be extra careful before giving her heart away to either Charlie or Cecil."

"Don't talk like that, even in fun, Bob. Why, you're the best and kindest husband in the world."

"You'll make me quite vain, you little flatterer," replied her husband. "But come along, dearie, we must get the things together or I shall be late. Just amuse yourself in my absence doing a bit of match-making. Cecil and Kit would make an ideal pair. I'd rather see the boy married to Kitty Grantly than to any girl I know."

"I feel fearfully nervous at meeting the immaculate Cecil and almost wish you had put him off when you found you were going away."

"There wasn't time, dear. Besides, I'm sure you'll like Cecil. You can have no idea what real chums he and I were once upon a time."

"Because I know how fond you are of him, I'll do my very best to make him comfortable," replied Peggy as she linked her arm in her husband's and they went upstairs to get the packing done. Half an hour later Peggy stood on the doorstep and watched Bob walk down the path. A spirit of loneliness came over her and a longing to call her husband back took possession of her. Realising, however, the absurdity of doing such a thing she turned to enter the house when the whirr, whirr of a "taxi" fell on her ears. In a few moments the two school friends were chatting away in the drawing-room, over a cup of tea.

Kit Grantly was what one might term a jolly-looking girl. She was fresh-looking and somewhat buxom with a mass of red hair—there was no use disguising the fact by calling it auburn, it was distinctly red, but the beauty of her complexion, together with a pair of expressive deep-set eyes, made her very pleasant to look upon.

"I wonder if you'll fall in love with each other?" said Peggy, after they had spent some time in conjecturing what the gentleman would be like.

"He's far more likely to fall a victim to your charms, Peggy. A pretty married woman is always an attraction to a young man, especially if he's the husband's special friend!" was the joking reply.

"I'm sure he won't be like that, Kit. Bob says he's a very honourable man. Besides, I would not allow him to flirt with me."

A big, broad smile broke over Kit's face, and there was a mischievous gleam in the corner of her eyes as she exclaimed, "I say, Peggy, he's never seen either of us. Wouldn't it be a lark if we changed places for a few days? Just for a joke! We'd soon see then what sort of a man he is. If he refuses to flirt with me after the encouragement I'll give him—why, he'll deserve putting in a glass case."

"Do you think Bob would mind?" asked Peggy, who always enjoyed a bit of fun, but felt nervous of doing anything out of the ordinary.

"I remember only too well, for you succeeded in making me a bit jealous, too; although I knew it was only fun I didn't like to see him pairing off with you. But this isn't quite the same thing, is it?"

"Don't be silly, dear. I'll take all the blame if Bob's vexed. But we must let Mary into the secret or she'll be giving us away. And how about Charlie? He used to be a real sport. I don't think he'll object to the joke, do you? It's a lucky thing that Mary's an old servant from home. A stranger might not have fallen in with our plans. But nothing you could do would be wrong in Mary's eyes. Let me have your ring, quick. He may be here any moment."

Peggy drew off her ring with some hesitation. She had not taken that part of the programme into consideration and had a superstitious dread at discarding the plain band of gold. Kit, however, was so elated that her friend did not like to thwart her.

A few minutes later the girls were sitting in the kitchen discussing the "joke" with Mary the servant, and instructing her to be sure and watch for Master Charlie's return and tell him of the plan at once, when the squeak of the garden gate told of an arrival.

"There he is!" shouted Kit, as she jumped up. "I do hope he isn't fair, for I hate fair men. If he is I shall leave him to you and devote all my time to Charlie. I always had a warm corner in my heart for your brother, Peggy. He has such beautifully curly hair and his eyes are a perfect dream. He's the sort of man I like."

"Well, Kit, as they'll both be here you'll have your choice, but remember we don't often marry our dream heroes," said Peggy, who was thinking of the difference between Bob and the type of man she used to think she would marry.

Never mind the "Glad Eye" from the lady "who's a peach"

You go on carrying PEARSON'S as you stroll along the beach!

(See first page.)

When the girls encountered Cecil Marsden a few moments later they were both attracted by him. He was fair and had blue eyes, but he had a strong face, and no one could accuse him of being unmanly. Peggy thought him handsome, and even Kitty changed her opinion that fair men were insipid, though she stuck to it that she preferred brown eyes.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Marsden, but I have to apologise for my husband's absence. He has been called away to the death-bed of his father. He asked me to say how sorry he is at not being able to welcome you. My brother Charlie, however, is spending a couple of weeks with me—I believe you have met Charlie abroad—and I'm sure he'll be delighted to have your companionship." These were Kitty's words of greeting to Cecil Marsden. She certainly was a very fine actress, and the way in which she introduced Peggy as "My friend, Miss Kitty Grantly," was sufficiently innocent to put even a suspicious person off the scent.

Peggy blushed and felt so nervous that she feared she would give the show away. She was absolutely amazed at her friend's finished manner. Presently Kit said, "If you'll excuse me whilst I give direction for dinner to be served, it will be a good opportunity for you to become friends."

Peggy was certainly a great "duffer" at deception. She felt very ill-at-ease alone with this strange man, who possessed such a power of attraction for all women. Cecil, however, mistook her manner for shyness and thought her charming.

"I too am sorry to have missed Robert. He's such a decent chap."

"Oh, yes, he's a perfect darling!" said Peggy; then she blushed again and, with some confusion, said, "I mean he's really very nice."

In a few days, however, Peggy became more at her ease and played the part of a single girl almost as well as Kitty did that of hostess.

"It's a wonder Bob isn't jealous of his wife's affection for her brother. I never saw such a devoted sister in my life," said Cecil to Peggy one afternoon when the two sat chatting by the firelight.

"Bob's wife doesn't think there's a man in the world like her husband, so you need not worry about them," replied Peggy somewhat sharply. Cecil, who thought that he had perhaps presumed too much in discussing his hostess, very quickly changed the subject.

Days passed, and it was well into the second week, and Bob was still detained at his father's bedside. The two girls were getting quite tired of their different *rôles* and were dying to confess their rightful position, but the longer it went on the harder it seemed to confess.

There was an occasional slip now and then, but nothing occurred to raise the suspicion of the man who was being deceived. Cecil was particularly polite to Peggy, and he certainly seemed to have numerised her.

The poor little moth Peggy did not seem to realise that she was getting very near the candle flame until one night when they were alone and Cecil, putting his arm gently round her said:

"Kitty, sweetheart, I think you know I love you. I've loved you from the moment that your dear eyes first met mine."

Peggy's lovely face flushed crimson. For some seconds she seemed utterly incapable of speaking. At last she almost unconsciously let her head fall upon his shoulder and whispered, with tears in her voice, "Good heavens, Cecil, and I love you!" Then, remembering who she was, she jumped up and, without another word, rushed from the room.

The strangeness of her action somewhat puzzled Cecil, but her words made him so happy that even the regret that she had left him so suddenly was ignored. The door opened again, and he expected to see her return. Instead of which it was Mary, the maid. "Could I say just a word or two to you, sir?" was Mary's request.

"It's about the mistress," she began, "it's about my little lady. I've looked after her ever since she was a little girl, and I love her. She's only a baby without a thought of evil or wickedness, but I've watched her with you, and I'm feared for her. You think she's Miss Grantly, but she isn't. She's Mr. Robert's wife. She and Miss Kitty changed places for a bit of fun. I agreed to the plan, but I didn't see the danger. What if the mistress were to fall in love with you, sir? It was but a girlish joke, but I felt I must tell you. Some jokes have dreadful endings."

As she paused for breath Cecil gripped her arm. "You mean what you say, Mary? You're telling me the truth. Bob's wife? My pal's wife? God help me!" As he uttered these words he covered his face with his hands and placed his head on the table.

Mary discreetly retired and left Cecil to his sacred sorrow. When he thoroughly grasped the situation, Cecil pulled himself together and got up to write a letter; but as he caught a sight of his face in the glass he realised that his trouble would not be shaken off in a few days. He looked at least ten years older. When he sealed up the note he had written he went in search of his valet.

"Order a taxi at once, James. Pack my traps and drive to the station. I shall be there waiting. Before you leave, however, place this note on the hall table. There is no time to lose, because we sail for Australia on Wednesday."

As he watched his master walk away James began to wonder if he were on his head or his heels. Mr. Marsden was usually such a matter-of-fact man that this unusual proceeding came as a surprise. But the orders had to be obeyed, so he made all haste to carry them out.

Half an hour later, as Peggy passed through the hall to the drawing-room, where she was going fully prepared to tell her husband's friend the truth, seeing a note on the table she took it with her.

"Oh, what a fool I've been. Why did I ever agree to the stupid joke? I never dreamt that I should grow to love him. What shall I do now? He will hate me for the deception. He is so honourable, whilst I——" Thus ran her thoughts, which were broken as she entered the room to find it empty. For the first time she noticed that the note in her hand was addressed in Cecil's handwriting. She opened it mechanically and read:

> "Dear Mrs. Blandon,—I have a confession to make as well as yourself. I knew you were Robert's wife all the time. I have not much faith in women who marry rich men older than themselves, and I wanted to test you. Of course I never loved you, but I could have loved your friend—only I saw there was no chance for me. Please forgive the dishonourable cad who has the misfortune to sign himself—Cecil Marsden."

The letter dropped from her hand, and, strange to say, with it went all the affection she thought she had for Cecil. The shock of his duplicity put a different complexion on everything. The man she loved, the man she longed for, was Bob, her husband. Why, oh, when would he return?

All Cecil Marsden's friends wondered why he suddenly left England. Peggy thought that he had gone because he was ashamed of himself. But Mary and "The Dishonourable Cad" himself knew that he had gone away in the hope that he might forget.

—For the ten best replies I will give "P.W." Penknives. Mark postcards "Watch." (See page 168.)

The Wives of the Workers

THE BAILIFF'S WIFE

No 1.—The Home-Smasher's Wife.

SHE lives in a mean house in the middle of a long street. It is not of her choosing. It is the semi-official residence of the particular bailiff who is fortunate enough to have the agent of Lord X, as his chief client. For a trifling commission her husband collects the weekly rents from almost every house in the street. Landlords have learned that it saves trouble in the end to commission a certified bailiff to collect their rents.

The ground floor of the house consists of a couple of offices. In these she spends the greater part of her working day. For the profession of bailiff necessitates an amount of simple clerical work. Round the walls are many shelves upon which are piles of documents indescribably dusty. They are records of forgotten sales.

Outside, a big, unfriendly sign-board announces amongst other things, "Rents Collected. Undesirable Tenants Evicted." Not a tenant in the street passes that sign-board but wonders when he will be deemed "undesirable," and what will be his fate.

Not a Bad Sort.

Her surroundings, you would think, must inevitably impress themselves on her life and destroy all that is womanly and lovable in her. Such is very rarely the case. Most often you will find her a plump, motherly individual—a trifle suspicious, perhaps, of anything resembling "the tale"—but with a ready smile and a shrewd word of counsel to those who approach her in the proper spirit.

Take a peep at her daily life. It is the middle of the morning. Her husband, as usual, is out on business. She has hurried through her housework and is now copying details of current cases on to printed forms. A showily-dressed man enters the outer office.

"I should just like to know——" he begins pompously. He launches into a vigorous complaint. There is some mistake. He threatens an action against the bailiff.

She smiles, for her experience enables her to classify the visitor at once. He is of the genus flitter—who happens to have been caught for once. He has not yet learned that "swank" is thrown away on a bailiff's wife. She turns up a ledger.

"Fifteen pound ten to pay," she says briefly. "Brought the money? Ah, well! The sale won't be till next Wednesday, so you've still a few days left to raise it."

Can't-pays and Won't-pays.

Speechless, the man departs; and she knows that the money will almost certainly be paid in time. She has developed quite an uncanny talent for telling the Can't-pays from the Won't-pays.

Here comes a Can't-pay. She can tell as much by his careful closing of the street door, and his quick, nervous glance round the office to see if there will be other listeners to his tale of humiliation. In his eyes is a look of fear as of a hunted animal.

He explains that a bailiff's man has come to take "walking possession" of his home. He has a newly-born baby, and to have his home sold up is to him an almost inconceivable catastrophe. He has little hope of raising the full sum of money.

She looks again at his face and perceives that he is a young man—too young to fall foul of the bailiff. He is probably a clerk on a small salary, and has slipped in arrears with his rent through irregular employment.

She gives him a chair in the inner office and explains his position to him. He owes six pounds odd, and has but thirty shillings. Even the thirty shillings means a lot to him, and he does not want to pay it if his home will be sold up just the same. Paradoxically enough, he finds himself asking her advice.

Shunned by Her Own Sex.

They discuss ways and means. She can promise nothing, but if he will pay the thirty shillings down and promise to clear off the balance by weekly instalments she will do her best with "the guv'nor." She has the air of being able to accomplish more than she claims—and he departs with renewed courage to recover his position.

A tired woman, with a weazened baby, drops in for a gossip. Twice already the bailiff's wife has filed a sale on her caller's furniture—but that forms no barrier to their friendship. It is from such as these that her small—her very small—circle of friends is drawn, for workers of her own standing despise her husband's calling.

Soon she is left once more with her dismal papers—passports to the great morass, where struggle, and drink, and die the submerged tenth of our civilisation.

So lives the wife of the home-smasher.

(Next week: The Comedian's Wife.)

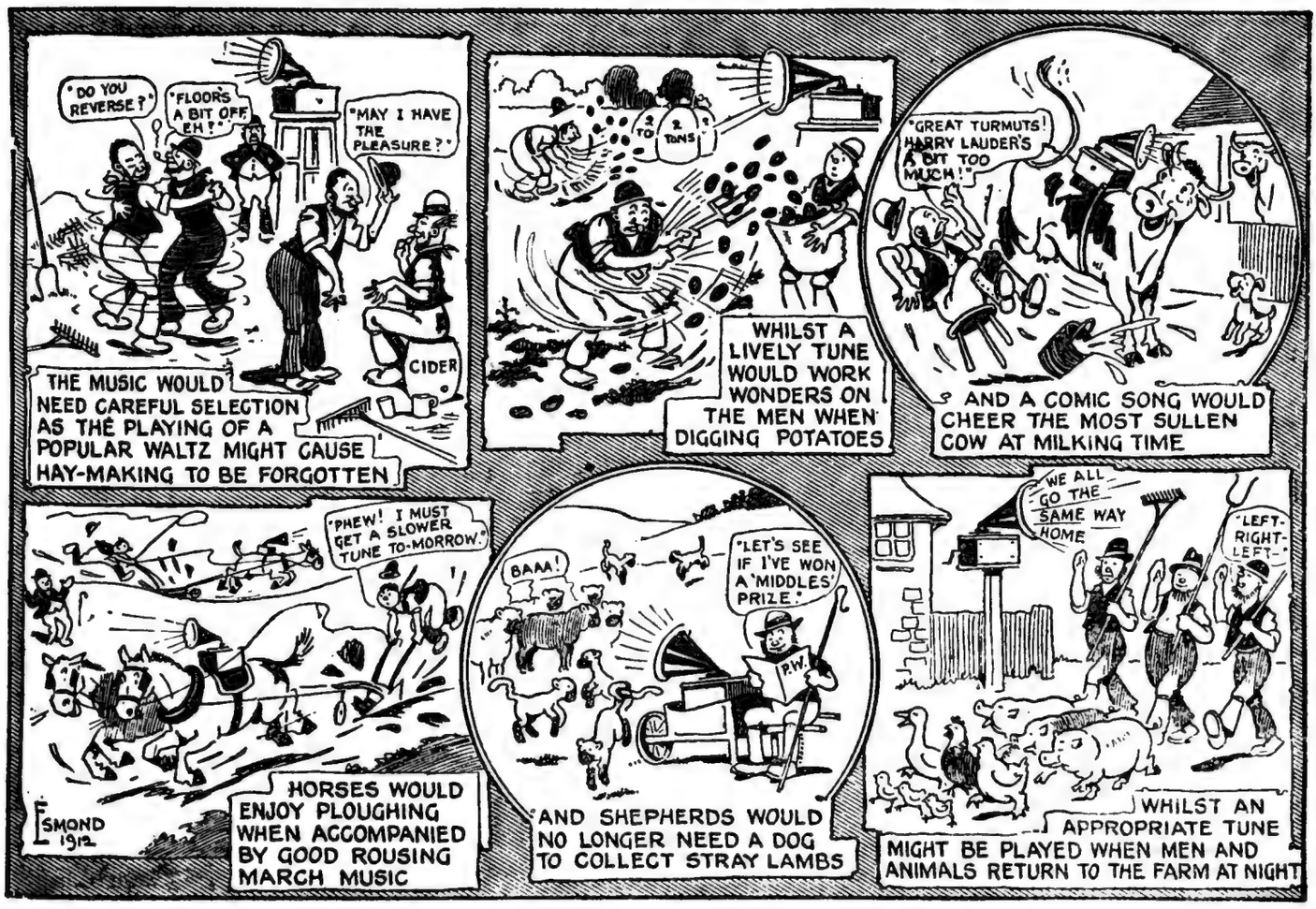
DOCTOR'S WIFE: "You wish to consult the doctor. Couldn't you come to-morrow, instead?"

Patient: "Why, isn't the doctor in?"

Doctor's Wife: "Oh, yes, he's in; but you see, you're his very first patient and I want to give him a surprise to-morrow because it's his birthday."

WHY NOT MUSIC FOR FARMERS?

A Hertfordshire farmer has provided a large gramophone for the use of his haymakers, so that they may work to music. The results are said to be highly satisfactory. Our cartoonist suggests what may happen if all farmers adopt this idea.



When you go to a picture palace or a theatre some lady with a large hat is bound to sit in front of you.

Now's the Time for Actors

During August they begin to look round for parts to keep them busy until the pantomime season begins.

WITH the coming of the month of July the actor and actress in search of work begin to get hopeful. The long period of idleness comes to an end, for August Bank Holiday marks the opening of the provincial theatrical season, and London managers and agents are responsible for the selecting and sending out of scores of travelling companies.

Maiden Lane, Bedford Street, Wellington Street, and other places where the "professionals" may be seen, become very animated a few weeks before Bank Holiday; and, as the days go by, their numbers lessen, leaving the others in a state of desperate hope that at the last moment something may turn up.

Salaries are Getting Smaller.

There is a story told of a well-known provincial "leading man" who appeared one hot July day wearing a heavy fur overcoat. Asked by his amazed friends what was the matter with him he replied in rich accents, "My dear boys, I want to show these bally managers that I want none of their summer terms."

Year by year provincial salaries are getting beautifully less, and "summer terms" mark the limit, for they mean that a player who usually receives four pounds a week is offered and accepts fifty shillings for the tour beginning the first weeks in August. For that sum he must play a long part every night with a matinée thrown in. Perhaps his wife is fortunate enough to get a job in the same company. She will be paid anything from one pound to thirty shillings, though if she is "leading lady" her salary will be ten shillings less than her husband's. They knock that half sovereign off because they have given her husband a "shop."

On account of the fierce competition of the picture palaces the provincial actor's life is more precarious than ever. To begin with, there are fewer theatres available because of the popularity of music-halls and cinematographs, while the houses that still dispense drama and comedy nightly clamour for smaller companies and less expenses. Usually the travelling company takes fifty-five per cent. of the gross receipts, leaving the resident manager the balance to pay the rent and the general upkeep of his theatre.

The thing that troubles the touring company manager more than anything is the actor who drinks, and the fellow who signs a contract and then fails to turn up because by some wonderful piece of luck he has secured a more paying engagement. Then there is the man who, after haunting Maiden Lane and Bedford Street for months, gets a "shop" and affects to despise it because ten years ago he "walked on" with Irving.

In this connection the advertisements in the theatrical papers make amusing reading. "Wanted heavy lead for 'The White Villain' Company. Good shop for right man. Boozers save stamps." "Heavy lead," by the way, means principal villain. Another specimen is "Wanted, good actor to take second juveniles. Nephews of dukes and old pals of Henry Irving kindly save stamps."

One could quote a score of similar advertisements betraying wounded feelings and disappointed hopes. "I want two actors who can act, and a lady who knows something better than smiling," says an advertiser in a theatrical paper.

When the Guv'nor Bolts.

The greatest tragedy of all, however, is the bogus manager. He first appears where actors congregate as a heaven-sent philanthropist and engages a dozen men and half a dozen women, bidding them meet him at a provincial theatre where he has booked his melodrama for the week.

In due course, the company arrives and the play is rehearsed, and then follows a series of dismal houses, plainly telling the players that their salaries won't come out of the receipts. But they brighten up when they remember that this is only the first week and that the "guv'nor" must have his capital in reserve. It is only when "treasury" becomes payable that they discover that the manager has bolted with his share of the receipts, leaving the company stranded without a penny, a hundred miles from Maiden Lane.

Cherry Stones

Something about a little game that only slum children play.

IF you live in a slum court and wish to be in the fashion you play marbles in the winter and cherry-stones in the summer. To play cherry-stones you collect the stones from the cherries you eat, and armed with a large screw, go out to win more cherry-stones. The screw you set up on its head and your opponents stand at a prescribed distance and try to knock it over with cherry-stones.

They were playing cherry-stones in Tiller's Yard that hot July afternoon. Bob, Jimmy, Dick, Bert, and Tommy, the youthful populace of the dirty slum court. You would have been puzzled unless you were in the know, had you heard the shrill cries that broke the silence.

Relics of Wedding Breakfasts.

"I 'it it." "That you didn't, Jimmy, I 'it it meself." "Garn, tryin' ter cheat." "I ain't." "Yes yer are, allus pretendin' ter 'it it." "Didn't I 'it it, Bert?" "Yus, I fink so." "There y'are, Bert says I 'it it." "Well, I 'it it too."

There were plenty of cherry-stones in Tiller's Yard, some of them family heirlooms, relics of forgotten wedding-breakfasts and Bank Holiday outings, that had been handed down from father to son. Dick, who was a lucky player at the game, alone possessed 1,300 stones.

"'Ow do cherries grow?" inquired Jimmy, during a break in the game.

"On bushes, I fink," said Tommy, looking wise. "On big prickly bushes, wot scratches yer 'ands awful w'en yer goes ter pick 'em."

"Wot do you know abart it?" said Dick, contemptuously. "Cherries don't grow on bushes any more than apples does, they grows on trees, big trees."

"Maybe they do," said Tommy. "I wos finking of blackberries; they grows on bushes, anyway. But 'ow do you know that cherries grows on trees—ave you seen 'em?"

"'Corse I 'ave. I've seen 'em growin' on trees, an' I've bin up a cherry-tree ter pick 'em."

"Oh, do tell us," said Bert, eagerly. "Wot's a cherry tree like?"

"Wot's it like? Wy, it's like no tree that ever you've seen, Bert Smith, or never will see neither. It's like a tree, an' a coster's barrer full o' cherries, an' a coronation, an' a waxworks all rolled inter one. That's wot a cherry tree's like."

"Crumbs, but 'ow can a tree be like a coronation?" asked Tommy.

"'Cos it's filled wiv flags an' coloured piper, all red, white an' blue, like the 'ouse is decorited when there's a coronation."

"An' 'ow is it like a waxworks?"

"'Cos it's got an imitatshun sodger in blue coat 'an red trousers a-stuffed wiv stror tied on top of it."

"But wot's it orl for?" inquired Bert, whose little face had worn a very puzzled expression.

To Keep away the Birds.

"Ter keep the birds orf, of corse," replied Dick. "I fort ev'ryone knoo that. Yer see, the sparrers an' starlin's and blackbirds eat up the cherries somefink cruel, an' they 'ave ter keep orl the fings in the tree ter frighten the birds away."

"Crumbs," said Tommy. "An' I never 'eard that before. It just shows wot a lot o' fings there are in the country. It's a wunnerful place."

"Wunnerful?" Dick drew his breath in sharply and his eyes filled with tears. "'Taint like nothing you've ever seen or ever will see," he said. "I've seen it, an' I knows."

"Don't," said Bert, setting his lips tightly. "Don't say any more, Dicky. It's too bad ter fink we carn't never see wot you've seen."

Bert can have a day in the country after all if you will send ninepence to the Fresh Air Fund.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the *Daily Express* Limited, the *Standard* Newspapers Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

£3 worth of Jewellery for 20/-

The British Clothing Club, 74 Oldham Street, Manchester, have opened a New Jewellery Department. That is the reason for the wonderful and unprecedented bargains offered in this advertisement.

Beautiful, substantial sets of genuine jewellery are being offered at the astounding price of 20/- per set. There are ladies' and gentlemen's jewellery, all of the finest quality and warranted for many years' wear. The regular price of these sets of jewellery is over £3. They are being supplied now at 20/-.

The jewellery consists of watches and chains (warranted for 10 years) and rings of Genuine 9ct. Real Gold set with Diamonds, or Rubies and Pearls, all Government hall-marked.

You can come into possession of these beautiful and valuable sets by simply signing the coupon, and

pay only 2/- now

and the balance (18/-) in monthly instalments of 2/-.

We rely on you to recommend us to your friends.

If you are not satisfied with the goods we return your money.

The watches are perfect time-keepers, with jewelled movements and gold hands, and warranted for 10 years; the chains are Genuine Rolled Gold, guaranteed to wear the same throughout for 10 years.

The rings, which alone are worth 20/-, are Real 9ct. Gold, Government stamped. You will at once see that this is a wonderful bargain to be purchased on singularly easy terms.

All you have to do is to send us 2/- with your order and pay 18/- in monthly instalments of 2/-. For this you get Jewellery honestly worth £3.

You have 14 Days to take advantage of our great offer.

Grasp the opportunity now. We can keep it open no longer than 14 days from the date of the publication of this paper (foreign orders excepted). Fill in the coupon now. The following is a plain list of the bargains offered:

GENT'S SET, 20/-.—Hunter or Open-face Watch, gold-plated, jewelled movements (signed warranty for 10 years). Chains, graduated links, rolled gold (warranted to wear same throughout for 10 years). 9-ct. Real Gold Rings (Government stamped), plain top for monogram or initials.

LADIES' SET, 20/-.—Handsome Crystal-face Watch, fancy dial and gold hands, splendid timekeeper (warranted for 10 years). Beautiful Long Rolled Gold Guard, diamond cut design (warranted to wear same throughout 10 years). 9-ct. Real Gold Dress Ring, set with Rubies and Pearls or Diamonds (Government stamped).

OTHER SPECIAL BARGAINS.

A Guinea Gold Wedding Ring, 10/-; 2/- down, 2/- monthly. 18-ct. Gold Engagement or Dress Ring, 5 diamonds; 2/- down, 2/- monthly. **Mark coupon "Rings."**

A Massive English Silver Lever Watch, usual price 50/-, and Solid Silver Chain, usual price, 20/- (£3 10s.), for 20/- only; 2/- deposit and 2/- per month afterwards. **Mark coupon "Silver Watch and Chain."**

There is a splendid choice of these excellent bargains open to you for 14 days. Send at once if you require either. If you send full cash we make you a handsome present besides. Fill in the coupon and send deposit now—to-day. Don't delay or you may be too late. Large interesting lists of other bargains in Jewellery and Drapery on our monthly terms will be sent on receipt of a postcard.

"P. W." COUPON.

Fill this Coupon up plainly, and send separate slip with Full Name and Address.

Date ..... Number of Postal Order .....

THE BRITISH CLOTHING CLUB
(Jewellery Dept.), 74 Oldham St., Manchester.

Full Name .....

Full Address .....

I wish to take advantage of your marvellous offer of a set of Jewellery as advertised for £1. I require

State here which Set or Bargain required } .....

for which I enclose Postal Order value (.....), and promise to send you the balance at 2/- per month by Postal Order. I promise to advertise this Jewellery amongst friends. The Jewellery to be sent to the above address registered post paid.

Signed .....

—She is fearfully annoyed when you ask her to take it off. Can you tell me how to ask her without annoying

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We annot undertake to return unsuitable contributions nless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

TESTING MUDGUARDS.

THIS illustration shows a device used for testing new mudguards in motor factories.

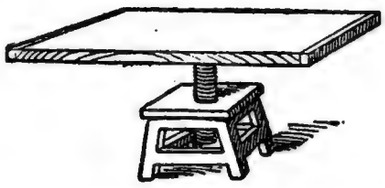
A white board ruled off in feet like that shown is placed in front of a specially prepared muddy road, and the cars are made to pass before it at a fairly good speed.

In passing, the mud naturally splashes on the board, and the value of any new idea for a mud-guard is judged according to its ability to keep the mud low down on the screen.

A guard which enables the mud to reach higher than the five line is discarded.

MAKES WORK EASIER.

ARCHITECTS and draughtsmen find the drawing-board shown in this picture very useful. In their work they often have to insert lettering in places at all kinds of angles which, before this board was invented

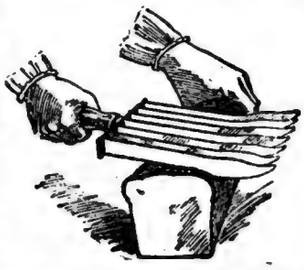


meant they had to walk continually round their work to get at a convenient angle.

But the drawing-board pictured here, which is fastened to a revolving stool can be turned to any angle and lowered and raised at will.

CUTS BREAD QUICKLY.

THIS picture shows a handy knife which is made use of in nearly all restaurants and large boarding-schools.



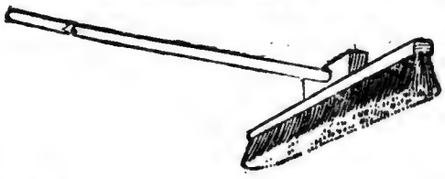
By its aid it is possible to cut seven slices of bread in the time that in the more general way it takes to cut one.

The device is very simple, consisting of seven blades fastened to a strong metal crosspiece, in the centre of which a stout handle is fixed.

PRESERVES THE BROOM.

WHEN laying roads with tar the brooms employed have much longer heads than the ordinary household article so that they take a wide sweep.

The wood which holds the bristles is very thin and light in comparison with the length, and as there is



not sufficient span to allow a hole for the handle to be bored, an extra piece is attached, see diagram.

If by any means this becomes split, the head proper is not injured and the block can easily be renewed.

The block of wood also serves another purpose, when not in immediate use the broom is laid down bristles upwards, if laid the reverse way they would very likely stick to the road, or certainly become bent and damaged.

A Welcomed "Middles" Prize.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Interviews the Winner of £146 10s. in a recent Contest.

THE wail of a sick child came faintly on the warm air as I paused at No. 8 Janet Street, Wavertree, Liverpool.

"Yes, Arthur Jones lives here but he isn't in," said a tired-looking young woman, as she came listlessly along the passage, "he won't be home till evening, what do you want him for?"

"I must see himself," I replied, adding, "but don't be uneasy, please," for she appeared to grow faint, "I have very good news for him."

"Yes," I said, in answer to the look in her troubled eyes, as she placed her hand on the door-jamb to steady herself, "he has won a 'Middles' Prize in *Pearson's Weekly*, a very good prize, too, £146 10s.!"

"Will you come in?" she said, in a dazed way; and I followed her into the hot, little kitchen of the four-room cottage, where four pallid-looking children were trying to dress themselves, and a fifth, aged about two years, lay wrapped on a low stool wailing piteously.

Always Fond of "Pearson's."

"He takes nothing," she said, nodding towards the baby, "he's wasting away like, and it's only last night my husband said:

'Get him a little bottle of this infant food they're advertising, to-morrow, and, if you do, it's the first shilling I'll pay you Friday,' I'll get it now, but—are you sure we've won all this money you say, are you telling me the real truth?" she said almost fiercely.

"I am," I said quietly, and her composure utterly gave way.

"He and his family have always been great people for *Pearson's Weekly*," she said when she became calmer. "In the seven years we've been married he's never missed it, but it's only lately that he has thought of competing for a prize. He had several good solutions last week, but he didn't send them up."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," she said shyly, "cash was so scarce I could not give him money for more than one."

When I saw the winner himself a pale, alert-eyed looking man with a very dark moustache, at Messrs. Stevensons, the well-known printers in Cable Street, I found the good news had flown across the city from Janet Street and reached him before.

"You had hardly been in my house when your news reached me," said Mr. Jones, "and when I was told I was wanted I put on my coat for I feared the worst about my little boy. Thank God, it was quite a different matter, and if it was only for my children's sake I feel I can bless *Pearson's* to the end of my days. I was brought up and served my time as a lithographer in Liverpool. I am now in my thirty-sixth year, and have been seventeen years in my present place, and I have never won anything before.

"Middles" in the Dinner Hour.

"As soon as I get my *P.W* every week, I copy out the words I want on a card (for I like to keep my paper clean) and I take it out in my dinner hour and have a start at it. I then pick up the threads again on my way home, and last week I spent Saturday evening and Sunday evening at it. Oh, I do try!"

"If I may ask, Mr. Jones," I said, "what is the first thing you are going to do with your money?"

"What do you think?" he said.

"Change your address," I suggested.

"Right!" he answered.

"Fresh air for my children and their mother is what I most desire this moment," he said intensely. "For the rest, I shall place £100 in the bank, and with the £46 10s. I shall pay off all the little debts I owe, including what I owe for my bicycle, for which I have been paying half-a-crown a week, and after that—well you have visited my family and you see that there are some things required that cannot *wait*. Not a penny shall be spent foolishly," he added.

A life-long teetotaler, who has the best wife in Liverpool, he will take good care of the fruits of his perseverance.

"I have one ambition," he said, as we parted, "and that is to own a little poultry farm. I have even reared chickens in Janet Street," and he smiled quaintly, "but I'm in no hurry, I'll wait, and while I'm waiting I'll compete for more 'Middles'—after I've had a little holiday."

Mr. Geo. R. SIMS.

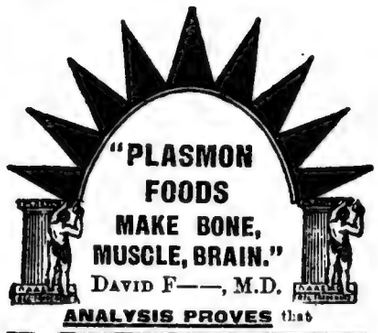
THE splendid significance of the Romany word Tatcho (which Mr. Geo. R. Sims, its illustrious discoverer, named his Hair Grower) is fully and faithfully lived up to in the proud product—worthy inheritor of a worthy name, which has changed despair into joy in a hundred thousand cases—Tatcho, the Hair Grower. Nothing but sheer merit, full worthiness, and utter genuineness, has placed and holds Tatcho where it finds itself to-day—the one reliable Hair Grower, trusty, honest, genuine.

THE HAIR-GROWER—

Tatcho

Chemists and Stores everywhere, 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.

TATCHO LABORATORIES,
5 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.



ANALYSIS PROVES that

PLASMON
CUSTARD

contains 50 TIMES more proteid nourishment than Ordinary Custard Powder. No eggs required.

PLASMON CUSTARD POWDER 24·87% proteid
Ordinary " " 0·4% "

A 4d. packet makes 4 pints of CUSTARD in PERFECTION.

PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY.

SPECIAL OFFER. An ART METAL BOX, containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with book, "Diet and Exercise for Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for 1/- post free by PLASMON Ltd. (Dept. P.W.), Farringdon Street, London.

I. C. S. spare-time study gives you the practical, technical training that raises your salary and makes you a success. Send a line for free information about the 180 different courses of postal training, to the International Correspondence Schools, 197/B39 Kingsway, London.

For the Five best ways I will give 5 Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Take off." (See page 168).

Quips and Jestlets

SO VERY SLOW.

Fond Mamma: "Professor, I know, my boy is rather slow, but in the two years that you have had charge of his education he must have developed a tendency in some direction or other. What occupation do you suggest as a possible outlet for his energies, such as they are?"

The Professor: "Well, madam, I think he is admirably fitted for taking moving pictures of a tortoise."

"WHAT did papa say, George?"

"He said it was too hot to talk nonsense."

"But did he know that you wanted to marry me?"

"I—I think he did."

"And didn't he encourage you to proceed?"

"Yes, he held the door open for me."

Irate Barber (to customer as he seats him in the chair): "You see that guy going out of the door?"

Customer: "Yes. What of it?"

Barber: "He's the meanest man on earth!"

Customer: "What has he done?"

Barber: "Why, the scoundrel sat in my chair for half an hour and never told me he was deaf."

Mother: "The teacher complains you have not had a correct lesson for a month; why is it?"

Son: "She always kisses me when I get them right."

SHE COULDN'T DRAW IT.

THE glamour of a "career" does not dazzle every woman-child. The little girl, of whom the following is told, still cherishes the ancient tradition.

A teacher asked her class to draw a picture of what they wished to be when they grew up. All went diligently to work except one little girl, who only chewed her pencil.

"Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

Millie: "What is the difference between a haunted house and you when you want to kiss me?"

Billie: "Really, I don't know."

Millie: "Why, you stupid, you can't let a haunted house!"

Jehones: "Look at Baker out on a day like this without an umbrella. Is he mad?"

Robinson: "I'm afraid he is. Let's avoid him."

"Why?"

"He may recognise this umbrella. It's his."

SCENE: A smoking compartment in a railway-carriage.

Old Gent (to Pat on furlough): "Young man, allow me to inform you that out of every ten cases of men suffering from paralysis of the tongue, nine are due to smoking."

Private Pat: "Sorr, allow me to infor-um you that out of ivery ten men suffering from broken noses noine are due to the habit o' not minding their own business."

He (on the 'phone): "Is that you, darling?"

She: "Yes; who is that?"

STORY TOLD BY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted—Family motor-car in good condition. Speed not requisite. H. A. Bung, Box 5.

(One week later.)

Wanted—To exchange four-passenger machine for fast runabout. H. A. Bung, Box 5.

(The third week.)

Wanted—To exchange speedy runabout for racer. H. A. Bung, Box 5.

(The fourth week.)

Wanted—Car capable of fifty miles an hour. Have slower car and some cash. H. A. Bung, Box 5.

(The fifth week.)

Wanted—Will exchange residence property and speedy car for machine capable of developing over mile a minute. H. A. Bung, Box 5.

(The sixth week.)

Wanted—Will exchange fast motor-car, slightly damaged, for professional services of first-class surgeon. H. A. Bung, Box 5.

A STAR TURN.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Tommy Jones is very enthusiastic about music-hall performances, and attends them with a fidelity worthy of a better cause; at least, so his Sunday School teacher thinks. He is far more conversant with the names and exploits of variety folk than with those of the characters of Holy Writ.

One Sunday morning, not long ago, his teacher turned to him with the question: "What three men went into the fiery furnace?"

Tommy reflected a moment, and then exclaimed excitedly: "The Asbestos Brothers!"

Bootmaker: "Here's a pair of boots that will suit you exactly in your next dash for the Pole. How did you like the last pair I sold you?"

Arctic Explorer (reminiscently): "The best I ever tasted!"

Miss Jones: "I'm not going to have anything to do with you. Your father keeps a pawnbroker's shop."

Miss Brown: "And I'm not going to have anything to do with you, because I saw your father coming out of it!"

THEN THE BUTCHER SMILED.

Butcher: "What can I do for you, mum?"
Young Wife (trying to give herself the air of a veteran): "One pound of beef saus es, but without bone, please."

Customer: "I want a nice crab."

Shopkeeper: "Sorry, mum, but we're out of all shellfish—except eggs!"

SHE SMILED ON ME.

She smiled on me as I passed by,
I saw a twinkle in her eye;
But as I did not know the maid,
No word of greeting I conveyed.
I smiled upon her in reply.

Let others that base method try:
They may succeed—so did not I.
Her anger on my spirits weighed—
She smiled on me!

Too soon I knew the reason why;
My hat and hair were both awry,
My face a coat of soot displayed,
Both optics were in black arrayed;
But, holy smoke! I can't deny
She smiled on me!

Physician: "I shall have to forbid you smoking, drinking, playing billiards, and keeping late hours."

Patient: "Ah, I see my wife has been consulting you!"

DOWN HEAD FIRST.

AN Irish hod-carrier was carrying mortar to the top of a sky-scraper which was being built. One day he went up and couldn't find his way down.

The boss missed him and called up to him: "Pat," he said, "why don't you come down?"

"I don't know the way," replied Pat.

"Why, come down the way you went up."

"Faith, and I'll not," said Pat; "sure, I came up head first."

Showman: "This armless man can pick up a needle with his toes."

Disgusted Visitor: "That's nothing. I've often picked up carpet tacks with my heels."

Bystander: "That's nothing. I pick up five nails every time I lift my foot."

"WHO'S the homely girl you spoke to?"

"Sir, that lady has promised to be my wife!"

"Cheer up. Lots of women don't keep their promises."

"DID you write to papa, George?"

"Asking for your hand?"

"Of course."

"Yes, I wrote."

"That's strange. I supposed papa would be terribly angry. You know he doesn't like you?"

"Yes, I know. But I fixed it all right. I—I didn't sign the letter."

SILLY FELLOW.

IT was raining "cats and dogs," and Harold was bidding his lady-love good-night.

"Oh, Harold!" she cooed, "you cannot go home in this; you'll catch a cold and die; you must stop here for to-night, and mamma and I will make a bed for you in the spare room. Now go into the parlour, and stop there until we come down."

Half an hour later, on going into the parlour, she found Harold sitting on a chair, wet through, holding a rain-sodden parcel in his hands.

"Whatever is the matter, Harold?" she asked. "Where have you been?"

"It's all right, my dear," he said; "I've only been home for my night-shirt."

She: "I see our friend the Colonel is married again."

He: "Indeed! I thought his fighting days were over."

Rich Banker: "So you want to be my son-in-law?"

Suitor: "Well, I'm not exactly keen on that, but as I want to marry your daughter, I suppose I shall have to take the other job on, too."

She (coyly): "Can you guess my age?"

He: "No, indeed, but whatever it is, you don't look it."

Caller: "Are you sure your mistress isn't in?"

New Maid: "I hope you don't doubt her word, sir!"

Teacher: "Tommy, you should comb your hair before you come to school."

Tommy: "Ain't got no comb."

Teacher: "Then borrow your father's."

Tommy: "Father, ain't got no comb, either."

Teacher: "Absurd! Doesn't he comb his hair?"

Tommy: "He ain't got no hair!"

A HARD NUT TO CRACK.

IT was the first time Algernon had ever seen a coal mine, and he was bent on gathering all possible information about it.

"Aw," he remarked to a collier standing by, "can you tell me how you—aw—get these Johnnies up out of that beastly pit, my good man?"

"We—aw—pulls 'em hup—aw—by the 'air of their 'ead," replied the collier, who was not taking any chaff.

"Really, how beastly interesting; but, I say, doncherknow, I'm an awful chap for noticing things; how do you get up the bald-headed chappies?"

The collier looked him up and down, and quietly remarked: "Why, we draws them sort hup wi' suckers—aw!"

I want six commandments for engaged couples. As short as possible.

A STRANGE SIN

WHAT HAS JUST HAPPENED.

Last week's chapters tell how Mary Ryder and Lord Millborough come up for trial for the murder of Mary Ryder's brute of a husband.

The jury do not bring in a true bill against Mary Ryder and, consequently, she is discharged. Lord Millborough is, therefore, tried alone and, as the terrible tragedy of over twenty years ago is unfolded, the sympathy of the court is with Millborough's uncrowned king. Finally, the jury bring in a verdict of manslaughter and Lord Millborough is sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

As his lordship has been in prison just on two months, this means he is practically a free man. After the trial he is allowed to see Mary Ryder.

They promise to become man and wife, and Lord Millborough asks "his sweetheart" to break the good news to Beth.

(You can now read on.)

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SEVEN.

Pickles in Pain.

CHIEF INSPECTOR PICKLES, who was one of those unfortunate men who generally manage to get more than their fair share of knocks when blows are about, had only escaped death by a matter of an inch or so when Lady Millborough, deserted in her hour of need by her lover and too great a cowardess to face the shame of the dock, though she had conspired to place her husband in one, fired first at him, and then took her own life with the next cartridge.

But if Chief Inspector Pickles was unlucky, he was never more cheerful or so brightly optimistic as when he was badly injured and suffering intense pain. It had been so after he had fallen a victim to the trap set for him by Babbage, and it was so now.

It had been impossible to remove him from Vilneux. There was no hospital in the place, but the French doctor who had been summoned to the scene of the tragedy had removed him to his house, and it was here that Lisette found her husband when she was summoned from Boulogne.

For two days Pickles knew nothing, cared about nothing, felt nothing. But he had solved the mystery of the moneylender's murder and the whereabouts of the real diamonds, and so fitted another piece into its right place in the complicated puzzle.

Lady Millborough's death had occurred in France, and many officials, commissaries of police, an investigating magistrate, and others had swarmed about the Villa Rose like busy, buzzing bees, and all manner of communications had been received and forwarded to Scotland Yard, but there was no inquest in England, the English papers publishing a statement furnished by Scotland Yard that Lady Millborough had been arrested on a warrant for the murder of Plantagenet Vere before she shot Pickles and took her own life. A profound sensation had been caused, and journalists had been subsequently very busy.

When Pickles recovered something like clear consciousness and recognised Lisette beside him, his first act was to attempt a cheerful smile, and he managed to whisper that things might have been a great deal worse, and something to the effect that a miss was always as good as a mile if not a great deal more.

Then he went to sleep. The bullet had been extracted. When he awoke, Lisette seemed not to have stirred from his side.

"I'm afraid I'm more worry than I'm worth to you," he remarked in a voice thin as crackling tissue paper.

Lisette, who had nursed him as she had nursed him once before, who was liable to be hysterical at sight of a mouse and voluble over trifles, always rose to great occasions.

She did not gesticulate or tell him what she had been through, but gave Pickles a kiss and told him if he attempted any further conversation or talked nonsense she would be exceedingly angry. And when an investigating magistrate, a commissary of police, and others demanded to see Pickles in order to interrogate him, Lisette, up against fellow-countrymen, kept them all at bay, talking nineteen to their dozen, and did not allow them to see him till Pickles was well enough to do so in her opinion.

As his condition improved, Pickles was inclined to grow fretful, and began to worry, though he expressed great satisfaction when Lisette told him the result of the trial at Millborough.

"The magistrates," he remarked, "were hardly justified in the first instance in committing Lord Millborough to trial for wilful murder. Manslaughter would have been more correct."

Then Lisette asked what was worrying him, and he told her.

"The Princess Neruda Houghton," he said. "I'm morally sure that she inspired the abduction of that poor little Fairy Willow and her baby. Everything points to it, but I can't get her. She's back in Russia. She's a Russian subject, and if she were not I haven't got a police-court case against her. She's not normal. She has any amount of money. Well, well—there's no need to go into her grievance against Fairy Willow. You know what it is, my intelligent Lisette"—Pickles sighed—"if you'd been a man and at Scotland Yard."

"I would rather be a woman," interrupted Lisette, "and my little 'ero's wife."

"Tut, tut!" remonstrated Pickles. "But that's what is worrying me. I've communicated my fears to Scotland Yard, but we cannot put Fairy Willow and her baby under police protection. I had a long talk with Stuckeley when I was at Brussels—two years hard labour apiece, I fancy, for Bully Patrick and the woman who passed herself off as his sister. Ha, ha!" He gave rather a grim little cackle of a laugh. "It sounds less than four years' penal servitude, but it's a great deal worse. But I'm wandering.

"I told Stuckeley to impress on Evans the necessity of taking great care of Fairy Willow and her baby. I may be wrong. I know—I know. I've a way of looking at the worst side of the picture, but the Princess Neruda Houghton has an abnormal, warped mind. She has tons of money. That's the trouble. With a woman like that, you can't anticipate—as with a normal person. There's no knowing where she may break out next. Perhaps she won't. I hope she won't."

Pickles looked downright miserable.

"If," went on Pickles, dolefully, "Fairy Willow were a prime minister or a Chancellor of the Exchequer, she would have police protection, day and night, in the circumstances. But she's not. She began life in a mill, went into domestic service, ran away on to the stage, and now she's going to marry the driver of a taxi-cab. Bob Evans is a splendid type of bull-dog Englishman, and a bull-dog is a good watch-dog, but he's not subtle."

Lisette suggested that her husband's imagination was running away with him, but Pickles shook his head sorrowfully.

"To suggest anything to the girl herself," he continued musingly, "after all she's been through and seeing that her health is still delicate, would be to stretch her on a rack of anxiety and suspense, and keep her back. I think, however, I will get you to write a letter for me, Lisette."

Lisette obtained pen, ink, and paper, and Pickles dictated a letter to Stuckeley, having it addressed to him at the offices of the ENGLEFIELD HERALD, reminding him of a certain conversation they had at Brussels, and asking him to emphasise to Bob Evans the necessity of watchfulness.

Pickles seemed more cheerful when Lisette retired with the letter.

When she returned she carried a tray. The doctor had given orders that Pickles should be fed up.

"Feed the brute!" murmured Pickles. "Lisette—I don't want to be vulgar—but do you want me to 'bust'?"

Lisette laughed and shook her head.

"I make the omelette myself, and the wine—it is real French wine, not a chemical mixture wiz a wine label. No. I do not want you to bust—only to grow strong again and well."

"If I don't it will not be your fault, Lisette!"

"Make haste—do not let the omelette grow cold!" commanded Lisette imperiously.

Pickles obeyed, lamblike, and "tucked in." He was not really hungry, but he made a pretence of being so, for Lisette's sake.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-EIGHT.

A Wedding that Waited

IT was past midnight when two men and a woman passed along Brick Lane, Englefield, on foot to the little house where Beth, Rosie Gay, Fairy and her little one, were. Bob Evans, carrying an arm in a sling, was on the premises, though he was lodging elsewhere. He had stayed in Englefield because of Fairy. Beth had stayed in Englefield because she could not have endured the ordeal of seeing her father and mother standing in the dock on their trial. Could she have helped them in any way, it would have been another matter. She would have been there.

The woman of the trio was Mary Durdan, alias Mrs. Paul. The two men, Drake and Stuckeley. "Mrs. Paul's" arm was in Drake's. Stuckeley was a man of infinite device. He had contrived that, after her

(Continued on next page.)

MILLIONS OF BEAUTIFUL HEADS OF HAIR.

All Grown by Two Minutes Daily "Harlene Hair-Drill."

DISTRIBUTION OF FIFTH MILLION NOW COMMENCED.

You can have Everything Needed for Banishing Baldness, Scurf, and Hair Poverty, and for Growing Luxuriant Healthy Hair, free of Cost, by using the Gift Coupon Printed Below.

Every lady or gentleman with some regard for her or his personal appearance will be delighted at the news announced to-day, the commencement of the fifth million free distribution of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits to commemorate the world-wide success of the famous Court Hair-Specialist, Mr. Edwards.

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT GIFT OPPORTUNITY.

Don't miss this opportunity, then, if you value your appearance—as, of course you do.

Fill up the form printed below. In return you will receive the following Toilet Gift for your Hair. On opening this Present you will find within it the following:

1. **A Free Trial Bottle of "Harlene." "Harlene" is a most delightful tonic-dressing for the Hair. It not only stimulates the hair-roots, but actually nourishes them, giving to the hair a lasting accession of vitality and strength.**
2. **A Free packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp. A Shampoo Powder of exquisite quality, which dissolves all scurf deposits and prevents them re-forming, and prepares the scalp for the Hair-Drill treatment.**
3. **A Free Copy of the Illustrated "Harlene" Manual of Hair Culture, containing the complete rules for practising 2-minutes-a-day Hair-Drill, which saves your hair from every ailment and weakness that can possibly attack it, and grows luxuriant and abundant hair.**

"Nothing Succeeds like Success" is an old and very true saying. Take, for example, the unparalleled popularity of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Its popularity extends to every class.

The Society Leader, the beautiful Peeress, the West-End Clubman, all practise it every day, and you know how well they are repaid for the two or three minutes devoted

to this magic-working toilet practice. So do millions of people—men, women, and children, less favourably circumstanced, members of the great middle class, dwellers in the suburbs and the provinces, yielding to none in refinement and culture and good looks.

Whole families practise it—father, mother, children—yes, and grandfather and grandmother, too—and reap their reward in possession of abundant glossy hair, free from the slightest sign of thinness or discoloration.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" CURES THESE HAIR AILMENTS.

Amongst the forms of Hair-Poverty quickly and permanently cured by "Harlene Hair-Drill" are the following:

Total Baldness (even of years' standing); Partial or Patchy Baldness; Thinning of Hair over the temples; Thin, weak, straggling Hair; Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed; Hair which Splits at the ends; Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair; Dry, brittle Hair; Greasy, inelastic Hair; Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff; Discoloured Hair; Irritation of the Scalp.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" speedily removes these troubles, and makes your hair healthy, vigorous, glossy, luxuriant, and beautiful.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" stimulates the hair-roots, pours fresh strength and vitality into the hair, strengthens it and nourishes it, so that it becomes perfect in condition.

THIS FREE TOILET GIFT.

Just cut out the following coupon, and send it, with 3d. in stamps (to cover cost of postage), to the Edwards' Harlene Co. In return will be sent you the Wonderful Triple Toilet Outfit free.

Further supplies of "Harlene" and "Cremex" can be obtained at the following prices from all leading Chemists and Stores, or direct and post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

"Harlene for the Hair" in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles. "Cremex" Shampoo for Scalp, in 1s. boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2d., or will be sent post paid on receipt of P.O.O.

COUPON.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me free of charge a Complete Triple "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, as described above. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage of the Outfit to any part of the world.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Pearson's Weekly, August 6, 1912.

—For the best list of commandments I will give Half-a-Guinea. Mark postcards "Engaged." (See page 168.)

A STRANGE SIN *(continued).*

interview with Lord Millborough in the cell below the court, Mrs. Paul had left the building unobserved and unsuspected. Drake was a fine judge of character. His judgment had served him in good stead in his explorations into the unknown. Stuckeley was a man after his own heart, and *the* man to carry out the ruse.

Stuckeley had gone out, purchased a cheap veil and a cloak, a cheap bag into which he packed them, and had secured for a pecuniary consideration the wife of a constable—and a four-wheeled cab. When Drake, Stuckeley, and "Mrs. Paul" quitted the building, few people were about, and nobody took the slightest notice of them. They simply walked to the station.

The two men and the woman walked silently. But they were expected. Wires had been flashed to Beth, telling her all that had happened at Millborough—all except the happenings in the cell below the assize court.

Beth must have been listening for footsteps, for the door of the humble little house opened before those approaching reached it.

Drake and Stuckeley stopped, Drake before doing so finding the woman's hand and giving it a strong squeeze. But he did not go on. He loved Beth with all the strength of his strong nature, but he did not even greet her.

And Stuckeley had a wonderful instinct. He did not know all, but he had guessed a great deal, and had guessed rightly.

He had stopped, too.

Mrs. Paul—for so we will call her—went on alone to the tall, slender, distinguished-looking figure on the threshold. She seemed to be moving now on wings rather than on feet.

Stuckeley and Drake turned back. They did not pause and stare. Stuckeley slipped an arm into Drake's. Rosie Gay was in the little house, and Stuckeley was very ardent. But Rosie and his ardent desire to get her plump form in his arms and kiss her must stand down.

But he spoke in his light, surface manner to Drake.

"I say, Drake, my son," said he. "The pubs close at twelve in this benighted place, otherwise we would have turned in somewhere and had a drink to celebrate this big business. But come round to my digs. My bachelor days are numbered. I've got a syphon and a trace of Johnny Walker at the bottom of a bottle. Come along."

"I wish I'd had you with me in Thibet, Stuckeley," said Drake.

"I wish to heaven I'd been with you," said Stuckeley. "I should have got something like copy out of that stunt, and a thundering big price for it."

Drake laughed abruptly, but there was a lump in his throat. He was talking, but he was picturing mentally as well. Beth and her mother had come together again.

Rosie Gay was upstairs with Fairy, who was restlessly awake and worried about her little one, who was ailing. The doctor himself could not give a name to the child's complaint. The child was constitutionally delicate, he said. And, also, he told Fairy and the others comfortingly that tiny babies were queer beings. They were apparently terribly bad at one moment and almost the next they were themselves again.

Beth's arms were straight out; her mother's were straight out, too.

"Mother!"

"My lass!"

Mrs. Paul had flung back to Lancashire word and Lancashire intonation.

Someone stood in the background. Bob Evans, one arm in a sling. He bundled past somehow, out into the street. He knew nothing. He only felt that he was best out of the way, and it was too late to see Fairy again that night. His instinctive delicacy had asserted itself blindly. Beth wanted to be alone with Mrs. Paul, and Mrs Paul wanted to be alone with Beth.

He had a long stride, and he went along quickly and rather heavily.

Stuckeley heard footfalls and glanced back over his shoulder.

"By the piper—here's Bob Evans, Drake. By jove, my son—you missed something. You should have seen that scrap at the picture-postcard-biograph shop in the Rue Mannikin, Brussels."

Bob reached them.

Explorer, journalist, and taxi-cab driver.

"I think," said Stuckeley, "if we stretch it out thinly, the Johnny Walker will just go round. But it will be very weak!"

"I just felt I wasn't wanted, sir," said Bob chokily. "And I can't see Fairy again to-night."

They were both the same height, mother and daughter. The one a kind of shadow of the other.

From the threshold on which they stood they cast one shadow on the pavement.

The little sitting-room was off the narrow passage, and empty. They passed into it. An oil-lamp burned on the table. It cast a dim light.

All had been expressed in the embrace on the threshold, as far as love and feelings went. Words would have been quite inadequate. But words were needed now to explain and reveal.

Mary Durdan—Mrs. Paul—spoke them at last.

"He," she whispered, "will be free in two days. He—your father—has asked me to tell you something. We are going to be married. Oh, Beth, forgive us both the past!"

The mother was asking forgiveness of her daughter, not only for herself, but for her father.

Beth was not given to tears, but tears blinded her eyes, but not of sorrow; sprung from intensely emotional joy. A crown had been set on her own happiness. Unselfishness was the key-note to Beth's nature. When Luke Woad was alive, she had been prepared to sacrifice her own happiness for her mother's sake. Now she did not speak. Somehow she had always felt since the truth had been told her that she had nothing to forgive her mother. And it had been for her mother, rather than herself, to forgive her father, and she had done that long ago. The clasp of Beth's arms just tightened. That was all. They sat for a long while together, heedless of time, before Rosie Gay came into the room. Her face seemed to become one big smile in which were set dimmed eyes.

"Ma!" she cried.

For so she had always called Mrs. Paul when in her struggling actress days she had lodged with her in the house in Corus Street. And the hug that followed Rosie's exclamation was so strenuous that it drove the breath from Mrs. Paul's body. Very little talking was done.

"The little one's asleep," said Rosie at last. "But Fairy's awake."

Then Mrs. Paul went up to her dead sister's girl.

* * * * * * *

Prisoners were discharged in the early morning from the Millborough county gaol, and a great crowd, nearly all working-folk, women in shawls and clogs, and hard-handed men, was gathered outside the frowning prison-gates, but when the prisoners began to emerge singly, some slinkingly, others brazenly, the man for whom the crowd waited in a silent curiously respectful way—Lord Millborough—was not among them.

Gradually the disappointed crowd melted away, only Pressmen remaining, several armed with cameras. They were keeping every point of the prison under observation, and were sure that Lord Millborough, though he had been discharged, had not left the building.

One enterprising journal had furnished its special correspondent with a swift motor-car, and given him instructions to follow Lord Millborough, who, in all probability would take to a motor-car on his release. The special correspondent in question had been told that if by hook or by crook he could get an interview with Lord Millborough great would be his reward. Failing that, a detailed account of his movements. The public were eager to know what Lord Millborough would do, and where he would go, on his release.

It was known that Marcus Drake had arrived at the gaol on the previous evening.

It was dusk when the spirits of the weary journalists were revived. A closed car came along, passed the prison-gates, and swung into the private drive leading to the Governor's private residence set to one side of the prison. It was empty. Eager journalists waited round the private entrance, and those with cameras reviled the dusk that made anything like a decent photograph impossible. Only one chuckled. He had provided himself with a flashlight apparatus. The special correspondent raced away to where the motor-car waited in near ambush.

Presently the whirr of a car could be heard. It came into view swiftly. There was a puff and a blaze of light, and a photograph was taken, and in that moment the interior of the car was lit up most vividly.

"There he is!"

Drake, seated in the car, was known to most of the journalists. Beside him, leaning back as if shrinking from observation, a second figure, the collar of his overcoat upturned, and a soft felt hat forward over his eyes, the brim downturned.

The speed of the car increased, but another car followed. The journalist who had secured a snapshot rushed off with his camera, and the others made for post-office, telephone call-office, and local newspaper offices. One journalist reeled off half-a-column's description of Lord Millborough as he appeared in the car, how he had raised his head for a moment, of the deep lines on his grey face, and other detail. It was a fine piece of imaginative work.

"Whatever you do," howled the special correspondent into the ear of the chauffeur who was driving him, "don't lose the car ahead!"

And he prayed secretly that a tyre of the car ahead might burst.

"I'll do my best, sir!" replied the chauffeur through his gritted teeth. "But I can't get any more out of her than I'm doing at present."

The front car was gaining, the red tail-light growing fainter, out of suburb into country.

"Confound it!" rasped the journalist.

The tail-light had disappeared.

"Good!"

The second car had rounded a corner. The tail-light was visible again, grew clearer.

It was stationary. The journalist nearly cheered. His wild prayer must have been heard by the god of journalism. The car, with Lord Millborough on board, had broken down.

The chauffeur of the second car unclutched and jammed on brakes. The head-lights illuminated the chauffeur of the first car, and another man standing at the opened bonnet and peering into the works. The journalist sprang from his car before it had stopped, reached the other, tore open the door, and was inside before the chauffeur or Marcus Drake could prevent him.

"Excuse me, Lord Millborough," said the journalist to the muffled-up figure, shrinking back into a corner of the interior. "I'm the London Daily Dial's special correspondent——"

The tall figure raised his chin slowly from out his upturned collar and tilted back his hat.

"And I," he said, "am the Englefield Herald's. How are you, Benson, my son!"

It was Stuckeley.

But Benson was speechless, and nearly foamed at the mouth. Stuckeley thrust his head out of the window.

"I say, Drake," he cried, "come here. I want to introduce you to a brother-journalist."

"Call yourself a brother-journalist?" hissed Benson.

"If you're going to be rude," said Stuckeley, "get out. If you're a wise man, you'll make excellent copy out of your wild-goose chase, and you'll be able to pull the leg of the paper that will publish the flash-light photograph of Lord Millborough leaving prison. Don't grouse, my son. Make the best of the material you have. That's journalism."

Benson, of the Daily Dial grimaced, laughed, and then shook his fist in Stuckeley's face.

"That's better," remarked Stuckeley brightly.

(Continued on page 164.)

SNOOKS AT THE SEASIDE.

£10 for What the Parrot Said.

NO RHYMES WANTED.

Snooks really ought not to be allowed out alone. The weather, which was just a trifle warm last week when he was spending his holidays, turned his head and made him do all sorts of "soft" things. Here we see him dressed up as a pierrot, trying, poor fellow, to amuse the people by cracking jokes and singing to them. But the parrot, who always turns up at the right moment, got most of the laughs, by the funny things he said about Snooks.

In a last line to the verse below tell us what you think the Parrot said.

This last line that you add need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not contain more than six words, nor fewer than three, and should have some bearing on the rest of the verse.

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

Old Snooks for the fun of the thing
Dressed up as a pierrot one day,
But when he attempted to sing
The parrot was then heard to say:

. . . . . .

An example last line, which must not be used, might read as follows: "*Barking not allowed on the Beach.*"

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. If you like, you may inclose your postcard in an envelope.
2. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. Mark your postcard "Parrot" on the top left-hand corner. Attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, August 6th.
5. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition, ten consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors whose efforts come next in merit.
6. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

RESULT OF "PARK" PARROT CONTEST.

The prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to Miss K. Macdonald, Dunmore, Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, for the following:

While trying to reach a nice girl,
In a leaky old boat in the park;
Snooks quickly went down by the stern,
And the Parrot was heard to remark:
"*Lovers must 'plunge' sooner or later.*"

Ten Consolation gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

E. Allen, 80 Arundel Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; J. W. Buckley, Rossall College, Fleetwood; W. Croome, Wilton, Salisbury; H. Evans, 27 Neville St., Cardiff; R. G. Fairlamb, 22 Townelly St., Stanley, Co. Durham; A. Fletcher, 35 Clifton Rd., Aston, Birmingham; E. Garland, 22 Three Colt St., Limehouse; F. Grigg, 78 Alcester St., Devonport; Miss L. Hadfield, 180 Lydgate Lane, Crookes, Sheffield; W. Power, 54 Boulevard de Diest, Louvain, Belgium.

Now, ladies! "Can you tell me why a nagging wife is like an overdone steak?" (Turn to page 164).

NATIONAL INSURANCE ACT

AND THE

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO.

LIMITED.

To all required by the Act to become Insured Persons.

The Prudential has formed separate Approved Societies

For Men,
For Women,
For Domestic Servants (Women only),
For Laundresses,
For Miners.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED.

1. All the profits go to the Members.
2. An organisation extending to every part of the country relieves Members of all trouble.
3. Suitable alternative benefits for Domestic Servants.

Apply to any of the 20,000 Representatives of the

Prudential Assurance Company Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, E.C.

OUR
CHAMPIONSHIP PIGEON RACE

From the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, August 31st.

FREE COUPONS ENTITLING THE BIRDS TO COMPETE FOR £115 IN PRIZES.

THE proprietors of *Pearson's Weekly* have again arranged a grand race for birds of any age, as above stated. The organisation and care of the birds will be undertaken by a Committee of expert London Fanciers, assisted by Mr. H. C. Howden, the London Secretary of the National Homing Union.

SECTIONS.

The birds will compete in the following sections (separate liberations):

SECTION A.—Open to the Northern and Scottish Centre and the area covered by the Up North Combine.

SECTION B.—Open to the Yorkshire Centre and area covered by the Yorkshire Combine.

SECTION C.—Open to Lancashire, Cheshire, Westmorland, and Cumberland.

SECTION D.—Open to the West Midland Centre, including North Staffordshire and Birmingham districts.

SECTION E.—Open to the East Midland Centre and the area covered by the Derbyshire and South Yorkshire Centre.

SECTION F.—Open to the South of England, as comprised by the London and South-Western Centres, but excluding the district within a five-mile radius of the Crystal Palace. This radius does not exclude any loft north of the Thames.

N.B.—Birds competing with local organisations which overlap the above areas (excepting the five-mile limit) will compete in the section in which they are race marked.

PRIZES.

A first prize of £5 and five prizes of £1 each will be awarded in each section, and, in addition, there will be a CHAMPIONSHIP PRIZE of £50 and a Cup, value £5, to the bird making the highest velocity.

Competitors may send any number of birds, and no entry fee is required; but each bird must be accompanied by a coupon properly filled up.

The birds must be dispatched, carriage paid, so as to reach the Crystal Palace by midday Thursday, August 29th, when the race marks will be stamped on wing. The baskets should be addressed—*Pearson's Weekly*, Crystal Palace Station, London, and the label addressed for the return empty, which must be prepaid. The section in which the birds are competing must also be marked on the label.

Coupons Must Be Sent With Birds.

Competitors are not required to enter their birds *previous* to sending them to the Crystal Palace, and the free coupons must under no circumstances be sent by post, but must be placed in an envelope and inclosed in the basket when sending off the birds. If more than one basket is sent, the correct coupons must be attached to *each* basket, and if a telegram of liberation is required, a stamped addressed form, *stating section required*, must be placed in the envelope with the coupons.

Competitors desiring to save the expense of separate railway carriage on their birds should communicate with their local clubs, which are given the power to collect and race-mark birds in their own district, and to forward them in their club baskets, carriage paid, so as to reach the Crystal Palace by midday Friday, August 30th.

Such clubs may race mark or rubber ring their birds, and enter the stamp or outside ring number and name of the club on the free coupons, and taking care that where more than one basket is sent the correct coupons are attached to *each* basket, according to its contents. The counterfoils of the rubber rings must be retained by the club, produced when required. On arrival at the Crystal Palace certain birds in each basket will be countermarked on the wing, and such countermark as well as the club race mark must be wired to *Pearson's Weekly*.

Clubs carrying out this arrangement may, at their discretion, charge a small fee, sufficient only to cover the cost of carriage, or they may arrange an entry fee, or optional pools, to form prizes for their own competition.

The birds will, as far as possible, be liberated so as not to arrive home before 1 p.m.

In the event of the weather preventing the liberation of the birds in all the sections on the same day, the Championship Prize will be divided accordingly.

The arrival of all birds must be telegraphed to the offices of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, W.C., and verified later by letter. The telegraphic address is HUMOURSOME, LONDON.

We Will Publish the Full Result.

The time allowance for reaching the nearest telegraph office will be at the rate of three minutes for the first half-mile, two minutes for the next half-mile, and three minutes per mile for any extra distance.

The probable result of the race will be published in *Pearson's Weekly* out late in September, and probable winners will then be required to supply their exact flying distances by the great Circle System. The final list of prize-winners will be published in due course in *Pearson's Weekly*.

The birds and baskets will be at their owners' risk from the time they leave their lofts until their return thereto.

The decision of the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* shall be final and binding on all parties.

The race will be flown under N.H.U. rules. Intending competitors not already members of the National Homing Union should make application to Mr. H. C. Howden, 16 Crouch Hill, London, N.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY CHAMPIONSHIP PIGEON RACE.

COMPETITOR'S COUPON.

I (state name and full address) .....

.....declare this bird to be my absolute property and that it is flying to the above address, and I agree to be bound by the decision of the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* in all matters that may arise in connection with the race, subject to appeal to the National Homing Union, of which I am a member.

Approximate Flying Distance..... Running Distance.....

To be filled in by Competitor.				For Use of Markers.	
Section in which competing.	Ring Number	Colour.	Sex.	Race Mark.	Countermark.
(State letter)					

A STRANGE SIN (*continued*).

"You really ought to count yourself lucky. Something has really gone wrong with the engine, or you would have had a longer stern chase."

"Where's Lord Millborough?" asked Benson coaxingly.

Stuckeley shook his head blandly, and remarked that he was neither giving away nor selling anything. He was a keen journalist, but not such an unscrupulous one as he sometimes made himself out to be. He was also a good fellow. Lord Millborough wished to be spared as much newspaper notoriety as possible, and though Stuckeley was in possession of exclusive intelligence he did not part with it—not even to the ENGLEFIELD HERALD.

But he knew that Lord Millborough's destination was London, and that Beth Willow and Mrs. Paul were leaving for London early next morning. So well had Stuckeley and Drake manœuvred between them that it was not known that Mary Durdan was in Englefield.

"I can see there's no getting anything out of you," said Benson dolefully.

"Not if you try till Doomsday," replied Stuckeley cheerfully. "But I tell you what, if the chauffeur can't set our engine right you might give us a tow back to Millborough."

"I'll see you——"

"Right, right," interrupted Stuckeley. "I'm that already, I fancy, for my sins. It was merely a suggestion on my part. I thought you might like to return good for evil. Drake, if it comes to the worst and our car refuses to budge—we must pad the slow, but cheerful hoof. Don't you wait, Benson. Give my love to the DAILY DIAL staff."

Benson shook his fist a second time in Stuckeley's face, and retired to his own car. His only consolation was a last picture of the other car still stationary, and the chauffeur's legs protruding from under it.

It ended in padding the slow, but cheerful hoof. Drake had a hundred and one things to see to. He had spent the greater part of the day with Lord Millborough in the prison-governor's house, assisting the man who had been as a father to him making arrangements to wind up his affairs.

It was not till the following afternoon that Drake returned to Englefield, Stuckeley having rushed off earlier, for the ENGLEFIELD HERALD had to be served. The latter's first visit was to the little house in Brick Lane. "Mrs. Paul" and Beth had left for London, leaving Rosie temporarily in charge of Fairy and the child.

Bob Evans, one hand in a sling, could not have worked had he wished to, and he was content to pass his time in the little sitting-room, ready to make himself useful and had his happiness when they let him go to Fairy. The child, not the mother, was the anxiety now. So much had had to be done and thought of, so much suspense, and the child's condition so variable, that arrangements had only just been made to shift Fairy and her little one to more suitable surroundings. Lord Millborough had seen Drake constantly before his trial, and was responsible for all expenses. He had found time to think of other things besides his own plight.

Rosie found time to snatch a few minutes with Stuckeley, and Bob Evans went out stolidly for a short stroll.

"You know what's going to happen in London?" whispered Rosie, after a greeting not necessary to describe.

"I can guess," said Stuckeley.

"What?"

"A wedding, Rosie. Special licence. Quite quiet early in the morning. Not a solitary journalist present. Still guessing, Rosie, but I fancy there will be only two people present besides bride and bridegroom. Drake and Beth."

"You're a wonderfully good guesser," smiled Rosie.

Stuckeley heaved a mighty sigh.

"What copy it would make. I'm almost tempted—'pon my soul, I——"

"What?" Rosie sprang away from him, her eyes flashing. "You——"

"Yes!" said Stuckeley grimly. "It's my living—and why not? I could get a big price. London papers would tumble over one another to buy the story—I might smuggle in a camera——"

"Wha-at?"

Rosie was sweeping towards the door.

"Yes—unless," went on Stuckeley, looking desperately unscrupulous, "unless I'm paid well, to my liking, not to do so!"

The cloud lifted suddenly from Rosie's features.

"You—blackmailer!" she whispered. "I thought you were in earnest."

(Another long instalment next week.)

RESULT OF "MAY" LIMERICK CONTEST.

IN this contest competitors were invited to supply last lines to the Limerick:—

A pretty young servant named May,
Said: "I'll never Insurance stamps pay";
Not a moment she tarried,
Next week she got married:
. . . . . .

The prizes of ten sets of Insurance stamps, containing supplies of stamps for thirteen weeks have been awarded as follows:—

E. Arnold, 67 St. Mary St., Cardiff; A. Bull, Middlemarch, Nuneaton; H. G. Chard, 116 Corporation St., Nuneaton; W. L. Dickson, Wordsworth House, Vancouver Rd., Forest Hill; Miss L. A. Depledge, Overthorpe Hall, Thornhill, Dewsbury, Yorks; G. H. Hill, 31 South Parade, Gainsborough, Lincs; P. Johnson, 5 Park Rd., Manor Park, E.; C. W. Palmer, 16 High St., Godalming; Mrs. S. W. Peters, 55 Queen St., Penarbroke Dock; S. H. Stevenson, 56 Alpha Rd., Cambridge.

Here are some of the prize-winning attempts:

Now she gets "over-taxed" every day.
When she's "mum" she'll have more to say.
She "got off" very well in that way.
Now she gives him her tongue, so they say.

—For the best replies I will give ten Blue Bird Brooches. Mark postcards "Overdone." *(See page 168.)*

INSURANCE PROBLEMS ANSWERED.

By OUR EXPERT.

The much-discussed Insurance Act has now come into force. Everybody is asking how the Act affects them personally, and, in order to clear up all points that may arise, we have engaged an expert to answer any questions and explain any knotty points free of all charge, of course.

So write up for any information you may want. If you want a reply sent by post inclose stamped envelope. Give all particulars relating to your work as briefly as possible, and, in case of low wages, state what they are. Letters should be addressed to Insurance Expert, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Here are some more replies to questions:

MRS. J. *Must I insure my son, aged eighteen? He is not able to go to work, as he is always ill.*——

No. If not employed, he need not be insured.

J. W. *I employ a washerwoman every alternate Monday, and she occasionally assists my wife in cleaning the house. Am I liable to pay for her insurance?*——

Yes. You must insure the woman whenever she is working for you.

L. C. O. *I keep a boarding-house, and generally employ two young fellows (foreigners), one as a waiter, the other as a kitchen help. I pay the waiter 5s. per week, with board, bedroom, and washing, and to the other I give no salary, but, of course, board and lodging. What must I do, please?*——

The waiter must be insured; you pay 3d. for him and deduct 4d. from his wages. As you maintain the other servant without wages you do not require to insure him.

D. S. C. *Will you please let me know if I am compelled to insure under the Act. I am in business for myself, my wife sometimes helps me. We are both insured for life, and are also members of a yearly society which gives sick benefit.*——

No. People in businesses of their own are not required to insure.

G. A. R. *I am employed by a railway company at a weekly wage of £88 per year. I have also a private income, rents and shares, which makes my total income over £160. On the official leaflet it explains I am one of the persons who may claim exemption. Will you tell me if I am legally compelled to claim exemption?*——

No. You may become insured if you wish.

W. B. *A man and wife are employed as house-keepers. The man receives 15s. per week and the wife 10s. The man is in receipt of a pension for Army services, over £26 per year. What is the position in regard to the Act?*——

The man referred to can claim exemption, but his employer must pay 3d. per week for him. In regard to the woman—if she is given board and lodging in addition to her salary, the ordinary rate of 3d. and 3d. applies; if she only receives her wages, the employer pays 4d. and the woman 1d.

H. C. *I am an Army pensioner in receipt of over £26 a year. According to the Act I can claim exemption, but my employer must pay his contribution for me. If I claim exemption am I entitled to full benefits under the Act, or if not, is it compulsory for me to apply for exemption?*——

Although employers must pay contributions in respect of exempted persons, those persons do not receive benefits under the Act. You are not compelled to claim exemption.

N. F. *(1) Would a man in a small way of business, whose total income is only about £50 a year, and who employs a man and a boy, have to insure himself and his employees? (2) If so, how much must he pay?*——

(1) The employer is not required to insure, but he is responsible for the insurance of his man and boy. (2) The rates of contribution depend upon their wages. Ask at the Post Office for an "N. H. Leaflet."

T. C. *I have a woman every Saturday for half a day to do housework, for which she receives a shilling. She has another similar place elsewhere and is open for other casual work of the same kind. Will you please say (1) Will she have to be insured? (2) Will she pay 3d. a week? (3) Can I share the cost of the stamps with her other employer by arrangement?*——

(1) The woman must be insured by her first employer in every week. (2) Rates of contribution depend upon wages. If she is not getting over 2s. per working day she pays 1d. and her employer 4d. (3) Her mistresses may agree together to pay the employer's contributions.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"NUT" CONTEST.

For the best answers to the question, "Why is the coconut shy?" the prizes of five watches have been sent to the following winners: Mrs. Board, 97 High St., Sandown, I. of W.; Mrs. H. McGee, 75 Kirkstall St., Stockport Rd., Manchester; Rev. S. Metcalfe, 29 St. John St., Bridlington; A. Oake, St. Denys, Denbigh Gardens, Richmond, Surrey; A. J. Poulton, 53 Ferndale Rd., Clapham.

"NECK" CONTEST.

"Why is it that boys won't wash their necks without being told." This was the problem set for solution, and for the five best reasons submitted stylo pens have been awarded as follows: J. Auvache, 22 Roland Rd., Walthamstow, Essex; B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; S. H. Harvey, 18 St. Hubert's Rd., Great Harwood, Blackburn; Mrs. R. Johnstone, 25 Brookfield Rd., Bedford Park, W.; D. Morgan, 105 Rathcoole Gardens, Hornsey.

"ASKING" CONTEST.

Prizes of five shillings each were offered for the two most ingenious suggestions as to the best methods of obtaining the loan of "a fiver," and the following were the winners: B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; Miss V. Montgomery, Myrtle Cottage, Church St., Ryde, I. of W.

"JILTED" CONTEST.

Competitors were asked to suggest comforting remarks which might be offered to a man who had been jilted. For the best sayings received, the prizes of five sealing-wax sets have been allocated as follows: Miss S. Barry, Larch Hill, Kilcock, Kildare, Ireland; Mrs. Bradley, 49 Mount Wise, Newquay, Cornwall; B. E. Collinge, 20 Bank Place, Ashton, Preston; J. J. Moran, 53 Dudhope St., Dundee; J. R. Spence, 53 Haddon St., Middlesbrough.

"COPPER" CONTEST.

Poetic contributions were asked for, not exceeding ten lines in length, beginning with "It was a gentle copper who was talking to the cook," and for the best attempts received the five prizes of briar pipes, or pairs of scissors, have been thus awarded: R. Nicol, 29 Doncaster St., Glasgow; Mrs. A. G. Smith, 44 Hurworth St., W. Hartlepool; E. W. Smith, 19 Heathfield Rd., Kingsheath, Birmingham; Miss E. Treacy, 24 Kimberley St., Sunderland; E. S. Weaver, Klondyke Stores, Butt Lane, Stoke-on-Trent.

"SARDINE" CONTEST.

Ladies were asked, "Why is a tin of sardines like a broken umbrella?" A blue-bird brooch for the best replies has been forwarded to each of the following five winners: Miss W. G. Brookes, 6 Earl St., Fitzwilliam, Wakefield; Miss B. Evans, 98 High St., King's Heath, Birmingham; Miss V. R. Long, 15 South St., Colchester; Mrs. Hartwell, 20 Dawson St., Plumstead, Kent; Mrs. Rigg, 9 Long Row, Birkenshaw Bottoms, Bradford.

WINCARNIS
is the world's greatest tonic, restorative, blood-maker and nerve food. Over 10,000 Doctors say so.

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Widow Welch's Female Pills.
Prompt and reliable, for Ladies. The only Genuine AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition, 1891. 100 Years' Reputation. Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists, or post free 1/2 and 2/10 from
CATHERINE KEARSLEY
(Dept. P.W.), 42 Waterloo Road, London, S.E.

"ADAMS'S HYGIENIC FLOOR POLISH"

LADIES
Should write to-day enclosing 1d. stamp for valuable booklet and FREE SAMPLE of
BLANCHARD'S
APIOL AND STEEL PILLS.
They supersede Pennyroyal, Pil Cochia, Bitter Apple, &c. Recommended by Physicians. Sold in Boxes 1/1½ by Boots', all Chemists, or post free from
LESLIE MARTYN Ltd. (P.W.), Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, LONDON.

FITNESS
In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., London, W.C. Established 25 years.

TO LADIES!
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Direct from
Lady Manageress, The I.R.S. Co. (Dept. C.), 145 Stockwell Road, London.

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MAGNIFICENT REWARD FOR THRIFT.

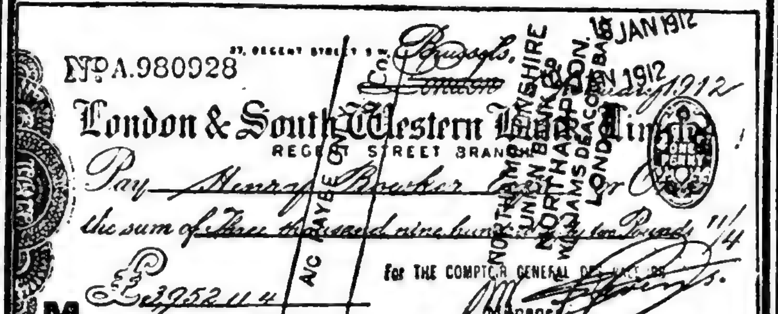
"Fortune," says Shakespeare, "has her Throne upon a Rock, and brave men fear not to climb for it."—But there is no bravery required to invest £13 in gilt-edged stocks yielding a safe 3% interest per annum. Yet you can do this and place yourself in Fortune's limelight at the same time.

Fortunes are not made by investing money in hazardous ventures; it is just where Fortunes are lost. But if you inquire into the conditions under which Mr. Henry Bowker, of Northampton, invested his money you will know how he came to make £3,952 out of £13. Here is his letter:

From Henry Bowker, Fashionable Tailor, 33 Abington Square, Northampton. *Jan. 8th, 1912.*
The Comptoir Général des Valeurs, Brussels.

Dear Sirs,—I hereby wish to tender you my heartiest thanks for the wise and clever selection of Bonds which you purchased for me and which besides yielding 3% interest per annum, one of them brought me a prize of 100,000 Francs (£3,952 11s. 4d.—Yours faithfully, HY. BOWKER.

Here is also a facsimile of the Cheque which we handed Mr. Bowker, drawn, as will be seen, on the London & South Western Bank, and cashed by Williams Deacon's Bank, London, for account of the Northamptonshire Union Bank.



By similar safe investments effected through us a great number of our numerous clients win, during the course of every year substantial Prizes which bring them independence, wealth and happiness.

What are these gilt-edged Securities and what is our Method of investing is told at length in our Booklet, "Ideal Investments," which will be sent you post free on receipt of a post-card. There is no liability incurred by writing for our booklet, you are invited to judge of our business for yourself and take or reject the offer we make. Address to-day—

COMPTOIR GÉNÉRAL DES VALEURS, Bankers, 285 Rue du Progrès, BRUSSELS (Belgium).
Postage: Letters, 2½d.; Post-cards, 1d.

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At all Railway Bookstalls and Booksellers; or post free for 1s. 3d. each from C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., Henrietta St., London, W.C.

DAINTY DISHES.

Banana Porridge (an Excellent Breakfast Dish for Hot Weather).

Mash six bananas finely, then mix one tablespoonful of cornflour with a little cold milk. Add one pint of boiling milk to it. Stir in the banana pulp, adding sugar to taste. Boil the whole together for five minutes, stirring all the time till thick. Serve hot. Half quantity can be made.

Mutton and Bacon Sausage.

Take one pound of lean mutton, two teacupfuls of breadcrumbs, and half a pound of fat bacon. Mince the meats and add the breadcrumbs. Mix, then add one dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, one beaten egg, a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Mix well together, form into a roll, and boil in a floured cloth for two hours. When cooked, cover with browned breadcrumbs, and serve hot or cold as preferred.

Green Peas and Carrots.

Shell one quart of peas, peel and cut three young carrots into small dice and place both in boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, a piece of mint, and a lump of loaf sugar. Boil till tender. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little cold water, not too thick, pour it into a saucepan, add half an ounce of butter, and boil slowly. Then stir into it two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley. Dish up the peas and carrots and pour the sauce over them.

Savoury Potatoes.

Mash about two pounds of cold cooked potatoes with two ounces of oiled butter, or dripping. Reheat and stir in the yolks of two eggs, season with pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Butter a cone-shaped mould and sprinkle the inside with breadcrumbs. Bake in a fairly hot oven for one hour, then turn out on a dish. Cover with the stiffly-whipped whites of the eggs, seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper, and flavoured with grated cheese. Brown in the oven, and serve hot.

Sweet Omelet.

Place the yolks of four eggs with a tablespoonful of caster sugar in a basin and beat to a stiff froth, then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and mix with yolks and sugar. Heat half an ounce of butter in an omelet pan (or perfectly clean frying pan). Pour in the mixture and keep on the fire until it begins to set underneath. Then place under a grill or in an oven, and brown the top nicely. When cooked, turn it brown side downwards on a sugared paper, put some heated jam on one half, and fold the other half over like an envelope. Sprinkle with sugar, and serve on a hot dish.

Normandy Carrots.

Take a bunch of young carrots, wash them, and cut off their heads and points, place in boiling water for five minutes, then take them out, drain, and rub off the skin with a coarse cloth. Cut them into thin slices and put in a saucepan with a cupful of water, a little salt and pepper, and a piece of dripping the size of an egg. Cover closely and simmer for twenty minutes, shaking the pan occasionally. Mix the yolk of one egg with a cupful of milk, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and a leaf or two of tarragon vinegar. Remove the pan to the side of the fire for a couple of minutes, and put in a tablespoonful or two of the liquid with the egg and milk, stir thoroughly, then pour the whole gradually into the saucepan. Stir till it thickens, then serve the carrots with the sauce poured over them.

Three Cheap Home-made Drinks.

Peppermint Cordial.

Take one pint of boiling water, add one pound of loaf sugar, and simmer for ten minutes. Then stir in one tablespoonful of honey. When nearly cold add thirty drops of essence of peppermint, and bottle for use.

Sloe Gin.

Take three ounces of sugar candy and three ounces of loaf sugar, crush very firmly and add half a pound of sloes to a bottle of gin. Place the ingredients in a gallon jar, shake every day for three months, then strain through a jelly bag. Bottle and seal the cork, and keep as long as possible.

Melon Sherbert.

Boil one pint of water with half a pound of sugar for twenty minutes, then melt a teaspoonful of gelatine in cold water and stir it into the sugar and water. Add the strained juice of two lemons, half a pint of melon juice, and the beaten whites of two eggs. Whisk all together and allow to get thoroughly cold.

The Little Dressmaker

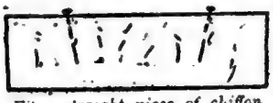
Tells You How to Make a Standing Collar of Lace.

I was talking the other day to a lady in my own line of business—a very grand lady she is, too—calls herself "Madame" and charges the earth for a gown. She said to me:

"It's all very well for you to write those little bits about home-dressmaking, but I don't hold with it myself. A home-made dress is never the same thing as a professional one. Be it ever so nice, the collar is sure to give it away."

"The collar?" I said.

"Yes. There's always something wrong with a standing lace collar unless it's made by a real dressmaker. Other people never seem to get the hang of it at all. And you may tell your *Pearson's Weekly* readers that from me."



Fit a straight piece of chiffon and put in pins by the ears.

"I will," I said. "And I'll tell them how to make it, too. They shall have collars as good as any you can turn out—yes, and better."

Make the lining first. A lace-collar must always have a lining of chiffon or net. You should start with this; get it quite correct, and then put the lace on it afterwards.

Cut a bit of chiffon 13½ to 15 inches long, according to the size of your neck, by 2½ to 3½ inches deep. Fit this round your neck, and put in a pin on the big muscle, which you will feel behind either ear.

Shape the chiffon like this.

Now double your chiffon, so that the pins come together. Measure downwards from the top edge for three-quarters of an inch at the fold, and then cut out a slope upwards to the pins. Cut off a tiny bit at the back, too—not more than a quarter of an inch—in the way shown by the second picture, so that the back is a little narrower at the top than the bottom.

Now take your bones, and put them in as shown in picture number three—one at the back and one at each side. The side bones should have their upper ends just at the place where the pins went in, and their lower ends sloped a *very* tiny bit forward.

Turn over the chiffon into narrow single hems all round and tack it down.

Lay your finished chiffon piece on the lace and cut the lace by it. Then turn in a very narrow edge all round the lace, and slip-stitch it down to the chiffon, in the way shown by diagram four.

How the bones should be put in.

The bones must be *between* the chiffon and lace, so that they do not rub against the neck.

A collar of this kind fits beautifully, and is most comfortable.

It is best to bind the neck of your dress with a very narrow piece of ribbon, and tack the lace collar to this binding. Then, when the collar is soiled, you can take it off in a minute and put another in its place.

The best bones to use are narrow pieces of whalebone cased in silk. Some people like those metal spiral things, but I don't very much care about them myself, as I think that they sometimes mark the neck. Please try to make your next collar in this way, and if anyone would be good enough to drop me a line saying how it works out, I shall be proud to hear, for, you see, I shall be able to show the letters to that "Madame" who was so scornful of home-dressmaking, and say:

Slip-stitch the lace to the chiffon.

"There, now! You said the *Pearson's Weekly* ladies couldn't make a nice collar, but they *can*, you see!" In this week's HOME NOTES I explain how mothers can make little Jack Tar suits for their boys.—Your respectful friend,

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

HOME HINTS.

Watercress

Should always be soaked in salted water before being sent to table.

When Beating a Carpet

Beat on the wrong side first, then on the right side rather more gently.

To Renovate an Old Carpet

Sponge with a solution of one part ox-gall and two parts warm water.

When Greasing Cake-tins

Use lard in preference to butter as the dough will be less likely to stick to the tin.

Old and Yellow Piano Keys

Can be whitened by rubbing gently with sand-paper and polishing with chamois leather.

To Sweeten Rancid Butter

Melt the butter, skim it, then place a piece of light brown toast in it, and in a few minutes the toast will have absorbed the unpleasant taste and smell.

When Washing Flannels

Do not dry them in the sun, as this makes them yellow. Dry in the shade to keep them white and soft.

When Making an Apple-pie,

Sprinkle the fruit with lemon juice and add one ounce of fresh butter in very small pieces. This will greatly improve the flavour.

Candle Ends

Should be saved, placed in a jar, melted down, and mixed with enough turpentine to make a soft paste. This will make an excellent polish for linoleum.

When Bathing the Baby

Fold a thick towel and lay it at the bottom of the bath. This will prevent the child from slipping, which is the cause of the nervousness exhibited by most babies when being bathed.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL HINT.
During Warm Weather.

If you wish to cool jellies or other sweets rapidly, squeeze a bluebag into a vessel of cold water until it becomes a dark blue colour. Add a handful of salt to this water, and in it place the dish of blancmange or jelly you wish to cool. This mixing is much superior to plain cold water, and is well worth a trial.

(Prize won by Mrs. Cassington Saunders, 73 Whiteladies Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

Brass Buttons

Which have become dull and tarnished can be made as bright as when new by brushing them with a nail-brush dipped in vinegar.

Bacon Which Is Too Salt

Can be improved by placing the slices in cold water, allowing them to boil for two minutes, and then draining them. After this they can be fried, and will be found quite nice.

2 Darning Hints.

When Darning Stockings

Which have a large hole, take a piece of black net, rub out the stiffness, and place it under the hole, then darn over the net, the darn will hardly be noticeable, and it will last much longer than without the net.

Darning Wool

Should always be held over the steam of a kettle of boiling water before being used, as this will shrink it and prevent it from shrinking or tearing away afterwards.

3 Boot-cleaning Hints.

When Boots or Shoes Do Not Polish Easily.

Give them two or three separate coatings of blacking, allowing each one to dry before putting on the next, but not polishing until after the third coat has dried. Then polish in the usual way and a beautiful shine will be the result. (*Reply to* L. D. J.)

A Few Drops of Paraffin

Should be added to boot blacking. This will make the boots shine more quickly and will preserve the leather.

To Remove Stains from Brown Boots

Rub with petrol, place in the open air to dry, then polish in the usual way with white boot cream.

Any reader who sends us an acceptable paragraph or hint for this page will receive a handsome pair of scissors.

Prescribed for Members of the Royal Family

Kutnow's Powder

Banishes Liverishness and Lassitude

250,000 Free Trial Samples for "P.W." Readers

Removes Constipation and its Attendant Evils
Ensures Relief to Sufferers from Indigestion
Conquers Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Gout

Rouse Your Liver Free

UNLESS THE LIVER is roused into healthful and vigorous action, a fruitful crop of ailments, painful in themselves and disastrous in their result, arise. These include:

Constipation,	**Dulness of Complexion,**
Flatulence,	**Loss of Appetite,**
Headache,	**Drowsiness,**
Depression,	**Furred Tongue,**
Irritability,	**Eczema,**

KUTNOW'S POWDER is the great Liver tonic. It compels that vital organ to act as Nature intended, and drives away discomforting and dangerous attacks of Liver Torpor.

IT BANISHES "Liverishness," with its attendant evils, clears off excessive Uric Acid—which produces such painful and dangerous ailments as Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Gout—and urges the Bowels to the work which Nature intended and without which health and fitness for life disappear. It enables one to face the duties of each passing day. Before Kutnow's Powder, Vacillation, Inability to Concentrate the Mind, Feelings of Heaviness and Despondence vanish.

READERS of *Pearson's Weekly* are invited to try Kutnow's Powder free. Send the Coupon, with your name and address written in it, and a free sample will be sent to you.

Cleanse Your System Free

READ THIS voluntary testimony, and then send for a free sample of Kutnow's, which cleanses the system and ensures Health.

Mr. H. G. Tunstall writes:

"Some months ago I purchased a bottle of your Powder, which has proved most beneficial to members of my family, who have found it a perfect remedy for the Liver, Indigestion, Headache. As a 'Pick-me-up,' it has proved many times what a splendid tonic it is, and that it has no equal. I am sure your Powder would be a blessing to every household.—Valkyrie Road, Westcliff-on-Sea."

Mr. W. Forrest writes:

"I had been a victim to Constipation for years, and also a sufferer from Rheumatism, but your Powder has cured me. One of the chief effects of your Powder is the happy sensation of feeling in perfect Health.—Oaker Villa, Nelson Street, Carlisle."

Insist on Kutnow's Only

There is only one Kutnow's Powder. Do not accept the word of unscrupulous vendors that something else is "just as good." Nothing is "just as good." Reject substitutes. Your only guarantees of genuineness are the Registered Trade-mark, "The Hirschensprung or Deer Leap," and also the fac-simile signature "S. Kutnow and Co. Ld.," which appear on both wrapper and label. All chemists supply Kutnow's in 2s. 9d. bottles, or it will be sent post-paid in the United Kingdom for 3s. from Kutnow's London Offices.

Send This for a Free Sample

Try this Free Sample

THIS COUPON entitles you to a Free Sample of Kutnow's Powder, so that you can try it and prove its invaluable qualities without cost. Write in your name and address and post to Messrs. Kutnow. The Free Sample will be sent by return of post.

The Free Trial Coupon

To S. KUTNOW & CO. Ld.,
41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Please send me, free and post-paid, a trial sample of Kutnow's Powder.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If posted in unsealed envelope use only ½d. stamp.

Pearson's Weekly, 6.8.12.

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Wireless Messages

ABOUT THIS NUMBER.

So far as reading matter is concerned in this number, three things stand out as particularly attractive. The first is the new short serial entitled "Treachery." I advise you, whether you are a regular reader of serials or not, to dip into the first instalment, which will fascinate you.

Then we have a couple of columns of the experiences of ex-Police Constable Langdon, who was for twenty-five years in the City of London Police, and, as may be imagined, during that time he has had some exciting adventures, and these he is contributing exclusively to *Pearson's*.

The mysterious is always happening. Tragedies occur, and there seems to be no solution to them. A popular writer has gathered together the most famous of these "Mysteries that have Puzzled the World," and written them up into a series of articles, the first of which appears in this number.

So far as cash prizes are concerned, you have the opportunity of winning £150 in "Middles" Competition, a task that will amuse you during your leisure moments. There are also a large number of other prizes, any one of which may come your way.

Altogether, I am sure that you will thoroughly enjoy this number.

MAY WE BUY YOUR STAMPS?

Pearson's Weekly stands almost alone in offering to pay for your Insurance stamps for a certain period. We do not want you to enter for a difficult competition or to spend any money, we just want to know why you deserve the stamps. Have a look at the contest on page 154.

OUR PIGEON RACE.

The full conditions of Our Championship Pigeon Race from the Crystal Palace on August 31st, appear for the first time, this week. This is a splendid opportunity for fanciers as there is £115 in prizes to be won, and a cup, value £5, for the owner of the pigeon making the best velocity in the race.

The entry coupon appears on page 164, and fanciers may send as many of their champions as they like, providing a coupon is sent with each bird.

Please read the rules very carefully.

WIVES MAKE HUSBANDS.

MANY a man owes his success in life to his wife. WEE WIFIE writes: "I don't think that husbands give their wives half the credit they deserve. I know one man who is now getting on well who would have been nowhere but for his wife. He was weak and without initiative when she married him. But she continually urged him on and helped him in every way she could. Now that he is successful he thinks and even says that it is entirely due to his own abilities. Don't you think that it is unfair?"——

I do, WEE WIFIE. But I am afraid that lots of husbands are like that. Many a famous man has become so simply because he has married the right woman, who has made him make the best of his talents. But there are husbands who have acknowledged the debt they owe their wives. The German Emperor is one. Some years ago, when he reviewed the Schleswig-Holstein Army Corps, he said, "The band that unites me to this province and chains me to it in a manner different from all others in my Empire is the jewel that sparkles at my side—her Majesty the Empress. Sprung from this soil, the type of the various virtues of a German Princess, it is to her that I owe it that I am able to meet the severe labours of my office with a happy spirit and make head against them."

WHY NOT PAPER SHIRTS?

"A FEW weeks ago you had an article," writes YANK, an American reader of *P.W.*, "dealing with paper towels and suggesting that in time paper clothing of all kinds would be worn everywhere. It may interest you to know that over here we already use paper shirt-fronts. A special paper pad, "dicky-shaped" is sold over here. We simply tear off the top sheet and get a clean dicky whenever we want it. Don't you think that 'tear off' shirts are excellent ideas?"——

Rather, YANK. It beats paper towels into a cocked hat. Better still—for journalists at any rate—would be "tear-off" paper cuffs. You write your article on your cuff, tear it off, and send it straight away to the printers. I am looking forward to the day of paper money, when all I have got to do is to tear off another quid or so when I am getting hard up! I should soon tear my money to bits, I am afraid.

THE LODGER AND THE LANDLADY.

T. C. R. writes: "I am a young man lodger living with a young married couple. As my landlady's husband does not leave business till eight, while I am free after tea, is it right that my landlady and myself should go out for a walk in the evening? I asked the husband about it, and he says that he does not want her to go out at all without him, either alone or with anyone else. Don't you think she ought to have more liberty?"——

Naturally, T. C. R., the husband prefers to go out with his own wife, and if he objects to anyone else taking her out, then there is nothing more to be said about the matter. His wishes should be considered before anything else. Even after eight o'clock there is time to go for a stroll. Many a husband doesn't get home till much later than that. You would be very unwise to go against your landlord's wishes, however lonely you may think his wife is.

MAKING THE DEAF SPEAK.

MANY are under the impression that deaf people are unable to speak. SOUND writes: "A friend and I have an argument as to whether a person born deaf must necessarily be dumb also. He contends that as a person could never hear a sound he could not repeat it. I think that with the vast strides of modern science in late years this could be overcome, and a deaf man can be taught to speak. Who is right?"——

You are, SOUND. Many parents of children born deaf are under the impression that it is impossible ever to hear the sound of the little one's voices. This is a great mistake. There is no reason nowadays why a deaf person should not be able to speak. The method of teaching them is chiefly by lip reading and the sense of touch. There are a good many schools where the deaf mutes are now taught to speak, and when they leave the school they are able to carry on a conversation almost as easily as though they could hear properly.

NOTICE.

In future all competitions close on Tuesdays instead of Thursdays.

ANOTHER LOVERS' QUARREL!

A WHOLE book, nay, a library of books, could be written about lovers and their quarrels. LILY has had a fearful row with her lover and what do you think it is all about? Why, LILY doesn't play lawn tennis and her lover does! Moreover, her lover dared to play lawn tennis one afternoon with another girl, and LILY is prepared to slay, metaphorically speaking, both her lover and the innocent cause of all the trouble. "I have told him that he can consider the engagement at an end," she writes fiercely, "and he has written back, saying that I am making a mountain out of a molehill."——

And I entirely agree with your lover, LILY. You are making a fuss about nothing. Go and make it up at once like a good little girl. A wise LILY would ask her lover to teach her how to play lawn tennis. I am sure that he will be delighted to do so, and in the future he will not want to play with other girls when he has the girl of his heart as a partner. Then you won't be jealous any more!

A COMIC SONG WRITER.

STALLITE is very fond of going to music-halls. "In fact," he writes, "I make a point of going to a music-hall at least once a week. It has struck me that with so many performers on the stage that there must be a great demand for good songs. I am not a bad hand at rhyming myself. Could I make a living at writing music-hall songs?"——

I shouldn't try if I were you, STALLITE. There are a few people who make a fair income writing popular songs, but they are very few. Nine poets out of ten who try writing songs fail to get their effusions accepted. Many a man is glad to take half-a-guinea or less for quite a good song. Write them during your spare time by all means, and I hope that you will be successful in selling them. But don't try to make a living of it, for it is a hundred chances to one that you will fail.

F.A.F. SPECIAL DAYS.

THIS week we are able to publish another list of special days' outings in connection with the Fresh Air Fund. Already this year several thousand slum kiddies have spent a glorious day in the country, and every gift of £8 2s. will take away another happy party of 200 children, with the necessary attendants. Here is the list:

August 12th: No. 9 Company R.G.A. Gibraltar Party, H.M.S. *Forte* Party; August 13th: Mr. Ian Mair's Party; August 14th: Headquarters Post Office Engineering Department Party; August 15th: Sir George Donaldson Day; August 16th: Hilda Jacobs Party, Jessie and Arthur Youngman Party, Royal Naval College Party; August 19th: H.M.S. *Pembroke* Party, The Peacock Party; August 20th: Mr. B. F. Trench Party, Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Party; August 21st: The Cavill Party; August 22nd, H.M.S. *Minotaur* Party; August 23rd, H.M.S. *Dominion* Party.

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

Amounts previously acknowledged, **£2,819 0s. 3½d.**

A. Morphy, £10; A Friend, £25; W. H. Seth Smith, £1; Mrs. Wood, £1; Mrs. Manners Smith, £1 2s. 6d.; Nemo, £1 10s.; G. McGubbin, 5s.; Two Maids, 2s. 6d.; Mother, Doris, and Queenie, 2s. 3d.; Miss Kilbey, £1; J. M. Moore, £1; Mrs. G. Backhouse, 5s. 3d.; W. B. 2s.; C. Black, 1s.; Miss E. M. Roberts, £1; A. V. S., 2s. 6d.; Dorothy P., 9d.; N. G. Cobb, 10s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; P. Powell, 10s. 9d.; L. M. F., 3s.; C. Caulfield, 3s.; Anon., £1; Moorhen, 4s. 6d.; F. W. Chaddock, 3s.; Matt., 25-45, 3s.; Miss M. Wood, 10s.; Mrs. L. A. King, 15s; T. A. T., 5s.; A. Tovey, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Betty and Girlie, 10s. 9d.; A Country Girl, 4s. 6d.; G. E. Thurston, 10s. 6d.; G. K. Savile, 1s. 6d.; J. and E. Sanderson, 12s.; A Lover of Children, 4s. 6d.; A Widow, 1s 6d.; Anon., 9d.; J. F. Stephens, 5s.; A. J. M. P., £2 2s.; C. J. S., 9d.; Treg, 2s. 4d; D. J. Brown, 1s; F. Barton, 1s. 6d.; A Lover of Children, 5s.; Mrs. R. J. Wells, £1 1s.; Elsie Grammer, 3s; Vera Whitlock, 9d.; Mrs. A. F. Young, 5s.; Alf, Jim, and Arthur, 10s.; R. B., 6d.; K. M. E., 3s.; A Lover of Fresh Air, 2s 3d.; R. Jenkins, 3s. 8d.; Mrs. Fairbairn, 10s.; Miss Grace Darlington, £1 1s.; Mrs. Ouseley, £1; M. and B., 3s.; E. A. Ilkley, 8s.; Countrywoman, 1s 6d.; J. F. Raikes, 2s. 7d.; Mrs. Lelean, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Harrison, 10s. 6d.; F. O. J., £1; Lincoln, 3s.; Frank, 3s.; D. E. W., 9d.; In Memory of Mabel, 9d.; H. A. Smyth, £1; Freddy and Daisy, 9d.; F. Hullard, 5s.; P. M. P., 1s.; A. Clayton, 3s.; J. Moger, £1 10s.; F. G. Davis, £1 2s. 6d.; Folkestone, 5s.; Anon., 9d.; J. Been, 3s.; W., 2s. 6d.; Maxwelltown, 3s.; Jutta and Karen de Linde, £1 4s. 6d.; Mrs. Watson, 1s. 6d.; W. Charlton, 1s.; A. Eastman, 10s.; J. Hammett, 3s.; A. and B., 9d.; One in Sympathy, 3s.; Mrs. Field, £1; John Ford, 2s.; A. J. S., 5s.; G. A. L., 1s. 6d.; J. Rushbrooke, £5; T. R. W., 1s. 6d.; "Increment," 3s.; Anon., 2s.; Baby Nelson, 5s.; A. J. Chalmers, 10s.; E. Holloway, 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; D. C., 9d.; Acme, 9d.; J. E. W., £1 2s.; Mrs. H. Laslett, £1 1s.; Miss Fraser, 5s.; Mrs. Whittington, £1; D. G. Crawford, £1; C. Jefferies, 1s. 6d.; L. F. Birmingham, 2s. 6d.; B., 1s.; A Friend, 3s.; E. Carlilo, £1 1s.; Capt. R. M. Tulloch, £10; A. Bence, 3s.; H. J. M., 1s.; A. Walker, £1; Anon, 3s.; C. H., 2s. 3d.; A. Davies, 9d.

COLLECTED: Offertory at St. Christopher's, Eastbourne, £4; W. J. Hooper, £2 2s.; A. Burgess, 4s. 6d.; R. E. Geare, 7s. 3d.; Sergts., 3rd Welsh Field Ambulance, Swansea, 8s. 6d.; Miss M. Hughes, 3s. 9d.; Olive Coney, 9d.; Offertory on H.M.S. *Good Hope*, per Rev. A. Dexter, £1 12s. 6d.; "White City, per G. Everett, 8s. 9d.; Ivy Lewis, Kamloops, 8s. 6d.; Elfordleigh, per J. P. Tye, 12s.; Second-class passengers on R.M.S. *Walmer Castle*, per M. Martin, £1; Llanvair Institute, Abergavenny, 12s. 6d.; A. W. Stafford, 6s. 6d.; W., 4s. 6d.; Philharmonic Club, Blackpool, 2s. 6d.; Sunbeam Fund at 186 Strand, per W. R. Everett, 15s.; C. H. Barrow, £2 3s. 10d.; Sent in with Middles, 1s. 5d.; Miss Piaggio, 12s.; Bertha Purnell, 2s. 6d.; Royal Oak Hotel, per Miss Pullan, 14s. 6d.; Mrs. Stokes, 10s. 6d.; W. Gordon Harris, Beanfeast, 3s. 6d.; Cambridge University O.T. Corps, per J. Hiscock, £2 10s.; O. Denson, 7s. 6d.; W. D. Hudson, 3s.; J. H. Freestone, 6s.; Ch. and 1st C.P.O. Club, Esquimalt, £2 8s. 3d.; Bolsover Colliery Office Staff, per H. B., 3s.; H. Oldcorn, £1 10s.; Dolls' Bazaar held by Eva, Edith, and Nora Kent, £1 14s. 6d.; W. C. Brumleu, £1 10s.; Sergeants' Mess, 1st West India Regt., per R. J. B. M., 13s. 2d.; Nellie and Eric Goodman, 4s. 6d.; C. Nicholson, 17s. 8d.; Mrs. C. Kyle, 1s. 9d.

Grand *(P.W.)* Total, **£2,943 8s. 3½d.**

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.

5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, August 6th.

7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prize will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

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Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

"MIDDLES" WINNERS.

(Continued from page 149.)

Thomas, Albany Road, Redruth, Cornwall.
Matthew, 8 Watson Street, Central Estate, Hartlepool.
Hope, 24 Esplanade, Waterloo, Lanc.
M., 5 Huntspill Court, Bridgwater.
13 Princes Street, Wellington, Salop.
John Wm., 15 Despenser Street, Cardiff, Glam.
Mrs., 155 Church Street, Woking.
Miss, "Nevin," King's Norton.
H. S., 27 Clovelly Mansions, Gray's-inn-road.
Miss Emily, Bettws School, Abergele.
ward Wm., Mason Road, Headless Cross, Redditch.
A., 50 Gwyther Street, Pembroke Dock.
J., 19 Argyle Place, Rothesay, Bute.
Mrs., 27 Kelvinside Avenue, Glasgow.
Randalston, Co. Antrim.
L., Miss, 23 Delamere Terrace, Paddington, W.
ert E., 3 Seymour Grove Old Trafford, Manchester.
F., 58 Cleveland Road, Southsea, Hants.
W., 7 Crichton Street, Cardiff.
R., 140 Alma Road, Bournemouth.
10 Gillam Street, Worcester.
H., 2 Fairview Avenue, Clontarf, Co. Dublin.
Relief Station Master, Rhosneigh, Anglesey.
T. S., 57 Fetter Lane, E.C.
R. W., 14 Falkland Road, Dorking, Surrey.
Frank, Sticklepath, Okehampton.
A., Mrs., 8 Kansas Avenue, Antrim Road, Belfast.
26 Player Street, Ryde, I. of W.
Mrs., 81 Pedro Street, Clapton Park.
Herbert, High Street, Chase Terrace, near Walsall.
A. G., Weedon, Northants.
H., 1 Halford Street, Leicester.
Forge Villa, Normanton, Yorks.
A., 5 Florence Villas, Kent House Lane, Sydenham.
C. S., 10 Fairfield Road, Chesterfield.
S. J., 48 Britannia Road, Ilford, E.
H. D., 34 Distons Lane, Chipping Norton, Oxon.
T., Mrs., Norredal, Storr's Park, Windermere.
Alf., Railway Road, King's Lynn.
F. Horton, 8 Peckham Road, Camberwell, S.E.
Albert, 13 The Cloisters, Windsor Castle.
Miss Alice Maria, Greenbank, Brigham, Cockermouth.
Frank L., 50 Greyhound Mansions, West Kensington.
Willie, Ryehall, Delph, near Oldham.
J. B., The Wyclif, West Cliff, Bournemouth.
Wm., Church Cottage, Llanarth, nr. Raglan, Mon.
Thos., 19 Katherine Street, Kendal.
E. A., Mrs., Wain House, Tonypandy.
W. H., 10 Salisbury Terrace, Varteg Hill, nr. Pontypool.
Wm., Godfrey, Elm Street, Borrowash, near Derby.
W., "Firmain," Princes Crescent, Lyndhurst, Hants.

WINNERS OF 2s. 6d. EACH.

C. F., 25 Wallace Road, Canonbury, N.
Mrs. A., 29 Stanley Street, Glasgow.
Miss F. E., 7 Priory Street, Monmouth.
F. S., Control Office, Queen's Hotel, Leeds.
W. J., 39 Wards Road, Seven Kings.
R. H., 509 Leigh Road E., Westcliffe-on-Sea.
Mrs. E. L., Inchester, Wellingborough.
Sawston, Cambs.
Margaret, 1 Heath House, New End Sq., Hampstead.
6 Cowley Road, Walton, Liverpool.
[illegible] Tolver Place, Penzance.
Gambetta St., Queens Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.
1 Rayne Road, Braintree, Essex.
M., 249 High Street N., Manor Park, E.
A. E., 16 Windsor Road, Darwen, Lancs.
Milne Street, Chadderton, Oldham.
22 Richard Street, Manselton, Swansea, Glam.
S., "Stenteford Lodge," Lipson Road, Plymouth.
Sub-Conductor, Army Ordnance Corps, Trawsfynydd.
16 Delamere Street, Bradford, Yorks.
M., 293 Lytham Rd., South Shore, Blackpool.
Ivythorpe, Polesworth.
W., 10 Waterside, Maidstone, Kent.
Miss Fanny, "Glenside," Beach Road, Old Colwyn.
F., Yew Tree House, Fazeley, Tamworth, Staffs.
G., 2 Rosebery Gardens, West Ealing, W.
W., Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles, Cornwall.
Miss A., 35 Dyson Road, Leytonstone, Essex.
J. A., 12 Pendrell Road, Brockley.
Mrs. E., 13 Ingram Road, E. Finchley, N.
H. J. W., Red Cot, Barkers Lane, Ashton-on-Mersey.
Miss E., 15 Wood Street, Birmingham.
G., The Burf, Astley, Stourport.
Homesdale Road, Hampton Wick, Middlesex.
A. C., 41 Rectory Road, Salisbury.
Ream Terrace, Canton, Cardiff.
Road, Southend-on-Sea.
W. F., 103 Hurst Grove, Bedford.
F., 8 Kimbolton Road, Higham Ferrars, Northants.
A., 34 King William St., Ironville, near Alfreton.
Camps Road, Haverhill, Suffolk.
J., H.M. Criminal Asylum, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.
C., 40 Montpelier Street, Brighton, Sussex.
F., 40 Duchess Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Miss Florence, Redland, The Broadway, Northampton.
H. E., 20 Park Road, Manor Park.
T. H., 63 Cilfynydd Road, Pontypridd.
D., 2 Tullideph Road, Dundee.
Mrs. A., 42 Rowheath Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham.
G. F., 19 Smales Street, York.
T., Cliftonville, Halsbury Rd., Westbury Pk., Bristol.
A., 12 Trentham Road, Coventry.
S., 3 Cressomead Villas, St. Thomas, Exeter.
A., 5 Killigrew Street, Falmouth, Cornwall.
W. E. M., 79 Durnford Street, Plymouth.
C., c.o. Carter Stewart and Co., St. Clements, Norwich.
Mrs. M., Children's Home, Côtel, Guernsey.
B., 18 St. Helens Road, Dorchester, Dorset.
P. C., 11 Snow Hill, Walcot, Bath.
T. C., Station Road, Freshwater, I.O.W.
J., 13 Teversal Avenue, Nottingham.
Mrs. M. E., 12 Western Hill, Durham.
T. P., 22 Sunny Bank Hull, Yorks.
Mrs. E., 71 Westgate, Elland, Yorkshire.
Da J. E., 5 Yardley Street, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Da J. P., 50 Regent Street, Ferndale, Glam.
Da F., 80 Hardshaw Street, St. Helens, Lancs.
Da Miss N., 26 Georges Road, West Derby Rd., Liverpool.
Den J. A. M., 5 Avondale Place, Edinburgh.
Dick, J. T., "Aldersyde," Birstall, near Leeds.
Dillstone, F. M., 130 Maldon Road, Colchester.
Dodgson, H. G., 33 Miller Arcade, Preston, Lancs.
Dodridge, C., 100 High Street, Southend-on-Sea.
Doorman, H., 233 Sandy Lane, Hindley, near Wigan.
Dow, J. C., 6 Ayresome Tce., Roundhay, Leeds.
Downer, F., 10 Norfolk Road, Brighton.
Downes, J. (Sen.), 27 Newport Road, Birmingham.
Downing, J., 116 Gold Street, Wellingborough.
Drake, Mrs. K., Goodwick, Pembrokeshire.
Duncan, Mrs. F., 6 Eglinton Lane, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
Duncan, G., Home Farm, Dunecht, Aberdeen.
Durrant, C., 13 Orchard Street, Norwich.
Dunstan, T. F., 4 Lamorna Tce., Keyham, Devonport.
Eadon, H. P., 54 Broughton Road, Owlerton, Sheffield.
Easton, W., 66 Dudley Road, Folkestone.
Egan, Inspr. W., South Met. Tram. Depot, Oakgrove Rd., Penge.
Elteshank, G., 78 School Street, Coatbridge, near Glasgow.
Evans, C. S., 37 Cleveland Road, Brighton.
Ewart, J. M., 27 Nelson Street, Edinburgh.
Exeter, T., Lower Porthmear, Pendeen, Cornwall.
Fairhurst, T. A., 64 Lowerhouse Lane, Burnley.
Farmer, E. C., c.o. W. & A. Gilbey Ltd., 58 Up. Dorset St., Dub.
Fielder, R. E., 2 London Street, Pocklington, Yorks.
Flew, R. A., G.W.R. Offices, Swindon, Wilts.
Foreman, J. H., 80 Blackfriars Road, Portsmouth.
Fordick, H., 72 Blythswood Road, Goodmayes, Essex.
Fotheringham, Miss G., 133 Argyle Road, Saltcoats.
Foulds, A., 31 Long Causeway, Peterborough.
Fox, A. C., 131 Sturton Street, Cambridge.
Foxwell, H., 91 Westbury Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Freeman, E., 83 Lower Bristol Road, Bath.
Freemantle, Mrs. M., Newlands View, Ringwood, Hants.
Fright, H., 92 West Hill Road, Plymouth.
Fry, W. H., London Road, Cheltenham.
Fynne, J., Mill Terrace, Thornton-le-Fylde, Lancs.
Gale, B. R., 31 Hawarden Road, Walthamstow, E.
Gale, E. M., Fairview, Marlborough.
Gallop, W. E., Padcroft, Yiewsley, R.S.O., Middlesex.
Gardiner, 5 South Crescent, Walton-on-Naze.
Gates, R., Ecclesbourne, Norman Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Genders, J., 32 Pitchford Street, Stratford.
George, Mrs. M. J., 39 Salisbury Road, Maesteg, Glam.
Gimson, Mrs. M., 39 High Street, Brecon.
Goldsworthy, R., 234 Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool.
Gosling, I. W., 11 Lyme Street, Stockport.
Gough, E. H., 52 Rochdale Road, Harpurhey, Manchester.
Gonllee, W., 6 Prospect Rd., Markhouse Rd., Walthamstow, Ex.
Grant, B. H., 18 Oxford Street, Norwich, Norfolk.
Gray, H., 18 St. Augustines Parade, Bristol.
Gray, Mrs. J., 29 Bushey Hill Road, Camberwell.
Gregory, E., 17 Victoria Avenue, Alma Park, Levenshulme.
Green, H. M., 35 Bond Street, Trowbridge, Wilts.
Green, Mrs. H., 212 Southampton Street, Reading.
Greenbank, F., Freethorpe, Oulton Road, Lowestoft.
Greenfield, K., 312 Slade Road, Erdington, Warwick.
Griffin, J. J., 4 East St., Albert St., King's Lynn.
Guteole, A. H., Brook Cottage, Lower Road, River, Dover.
Harnel, Mrs. A. J., 65 Sinclair Road, Kensington, W.
Haley, A., 146 Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.
Hall, C. E., 11 Longfield Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.
Hall, Pte. F., 10th Mdx. Terr. Regt., Falmer Camp, nr. Lewes, Sussex.
Hammond, Miss A. M., 10 Chapel Street, Warwick.
Harland, J., 219 Wellington Street, Bradford.
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Harrison, A. J., Riverside House, Brigg, Lancs.
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Haycraft, M. S., Wallis Down, Bournemouth.
Heap, Miss H., 51 Fitzwilliam St., Swinton, nr. Rotherham.
Hedges, Miss M., 86 Imperial Av., Shirley, Southampton.
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Henderson, R., 1 Croft St., Penecuik, Midlothian, N.B.
Hewitt, W., 25 Agra Street, Ormeau Road, Belfast.
Hicks, L., 127 Park Hill Road, Harborne, Birmingham.
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Hinde, W. H., 11 Station Road, Ainsdale, Lancs.
Hobbs, W., 43 Tallow Hill, Worcester.
Hodson, E., Woodside Cottage, Woodside Ave., Esher, Surrey.
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Home, S. J., 14 Stapleton Road, Bristol.
Hood, E. J., 10 Dairy Street, Hyde Park, Leeds.
Hornby, F. T., 7 Gee Street, Coleman Street, Hull.
Houghton, A. E., 10 Railway Walk, Birkdale.
Houlder, W., Lochiel House, Kinlochleven, Argyllshire.
Huggard, F. E., Clonmore, Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland.
Hull, Mrs. E., 59 East Ham Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.
Innes, J. R., 87 Islip Road, Sunnymead, Oxford.
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James, L., 101 School Road, Stretford, Manchester.
Jeffs, G., 14 Victoria Terrace, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.
Jeyes, Albert, c.o. Dewar Bros., 345 St. Vincent St., Glasgow.
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Joslin, Albert, 53 Chesterfield Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
Keen, Thomas, 61 Marle Hill Parade, Cheltenham.
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Kerry, M. L., S. Agnes, Isles of Scilly.
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Langan, T., 25 Llandaff Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
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MacMahon, J., Dowgh Mills, Miltown Malbay, Clare.
McRae, A. C., 41 Hitchman Road, Leamington Spa.
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Measures, Miss M. C., 16 Archel Road, West Kensington, W.
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Midwinter, W., Aquarium Stores, Rhyl.
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Milne, D., Band Block, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.
Minchin, J., 7 Lethbridge Terrace, Abersychan, Mon.
Minshaw, A., 9 Gidlow Street, Gorton, Manchester.
Mitchell, E., 68 Birchfield Road, Redditch.
Mitchell, J., 3 Oaklands Road, Bexley Heath.
Moore, I. B., Crofts, Ross-on-Wye, Hereford.
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Morley, E., 28 Arden Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.
Morris, Mrs. A. E., Sutton Hall, Thirsk, Yorks.
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Philo, Mrs. E. M., 99 High Street, Lymington, Hants.
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Quadri, H., 18 Ancona Road, Harlesden, N.W.
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Richardson, R. W., 36 Sherburn Street, Hull.
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Ride, T., 86 St. James Road, Derby.
Rimer, G., 24 Gordon Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Roberts, F., 4 Vicarage Villas, Neasden Lane, N.W.
Roberts, Miss M. H., 74 Harborne Road, Cannon Hill, B'ham.
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